# Sir Real's

## UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

## Rip Off Comix #10

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3 - The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers In the 21st Century
8 - Dinoboy On Mars
9 - Wonder Wart-Hog in the Battle Of The Titans: Part 3, Return of the Future
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### Artists:

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G. Cifre - 26
Gallardo - 27-31+
Mediavilla - 27-31+
Sento - 32
Marti - 33-35
Max - 36-37
Kim - 38-39
Mazario - 40-43
Montesol - 44
Simonides - 45-47
Jay Kinney - 51(ad)
Don Merritt - 51(letter)
Barbara E. - 51(letter)
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Mr. Interferon - 51(letter)

RIP OFF PRESS
SAN FRANCISCO

# RIP OFF COMIX

№ 10

$1.50

## THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS IN THE 21ST CENTURY

BY SHELTON, SHERIDAN, & MAVRIDES

## DINOBOY

© BY MAVRIDES & ROBINS

GILBERT SHELTON'S MOTORING TIPS

PLUS: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## FRANK CRANKCASE'S TIME MACHINE

© BY FOOLBERT STURGEON

## SPECIAL SECTION: THE CARTOONISTS OF SPAIN

## WONDER WART-HOG and the BATTLE of the TITANS

CHAPTER 3: "RETURN OF THE FUTURE"

B. GILBERT SHELTON, TONY BELL & DIEGO

## the adventures of FAT FREDDY'S CAT

# EDITORIAL

## by FRAPPINGTON WILDEBEEST VII

The first half of this issue seems to have turned out to be a science fiction number, whether by design or accident. The Freak Brothers, those lovable drug-using rascals, find themselves suddenly in the 21st century. Foolbert Sturgeon's thinly-disguised self-portrait, Frank Crankcase, actually buys himself a time-travel machine. Wonder Wart-Hog's continuing adventure has traveled back and forth in time so many times now that I've lost count. And Dinoboy goes to Mars.

This seems odd, since Rip Off's official editorial policy is that science fiction is a bunch of crap, the literary domain of a bunch of idiots who neither understand science nor appreciate fiction. That's always been Rip Off's official policy, and aspiring cartoonists who bring their beautiful portfolios of science fiction comix to show at Rip Off Press are automatically thrown out on their ass.

On the other hand, Rip Off's official editorial policy has also been to let Gilbert Shelton publish anything he wants to, since he's part owner of the company, so if Gilbert Shelton and his friends want to do a bunch of science fiction, that's fine.

The second half of the issue is devoted to the cartoonists of *Espana* as selected by Gilbert Shelton. From his selection you'd think that Spain is just a lot of carefree anarchists like you and me. That's not exactly the case; they're a very *worried* lot of anarchists.

You may have noted that I designate myself as an anarchist. Yes, it's true, and I'm proud of it. I believe the American psyche, the American Dream, is basically anarchistic, and I'm laying my cards on the table. I don't believe we need any damned governments at all. You can see plainly by the white "A" in a circle on a black background which I now wear proudly on my hatband. Furthermore, as you can see if you look closely at the extremely tiny picture of me on this page, I have allowed my facial hair to grow out somewhat, having grown tired of overhearing remarks about how "out of it" I looked. Including, you will notice, that area of hair directly underneath the lower lip, whatever you call that. They used to call it a "zit" where I came from. Anyway, how do you like my new look? Pretty shazzy, eh wot? I'm as "with it" as any of the rest of you assholes out there, and if you persist in saying otherwise I will suddenly take out my .357 Magnum (which I always carry, concealed) and **blow you away**.

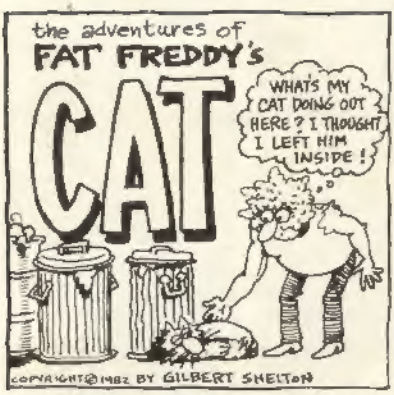
Yes, you guessed it, I'm not a gun-control nut. If the Spaniards all had guns like I do, they would feel no danger of being taken over by the fascists, who are a small minority in Spain. Faced with an armed population, the fascists in Spain would only take over by means of the regular electoral process, as the fascists have done here in the U.S.A.

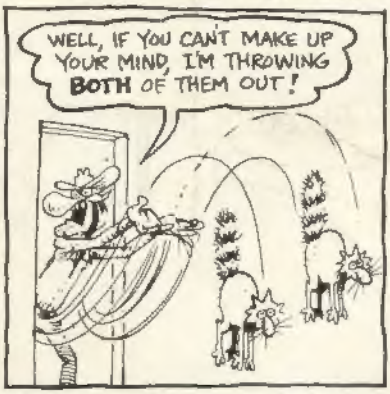
Now, don't get me wrong. A lot of my friends are fascists. It's just that when they all get together in big group they get really obnoxious, you know. But I'm safe, since I can pass for fascist any time.

Enough of this coquetry. Here's the big news: next issue, Rip Off Comix plans to enlarge its format and start having color pages! Good news, huh, comic fans? Yeah? Right on! *Demasiee*, as they say in Spain.

Hope you like the comix this month. See you on the inside back cover, in the letters column.

Frappington Wildebeest VII
Managing Editor





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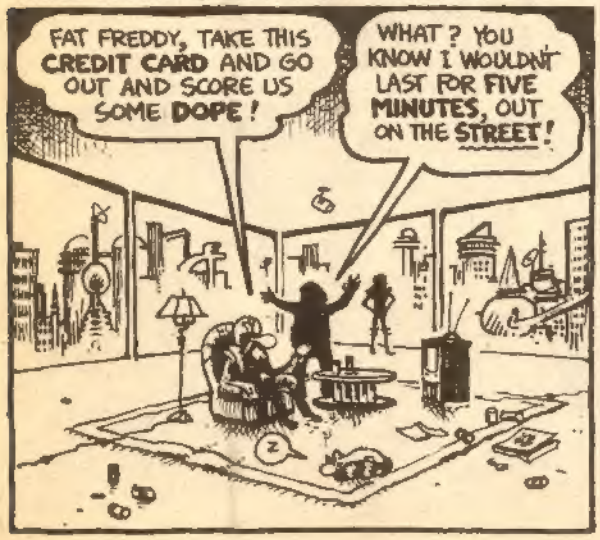
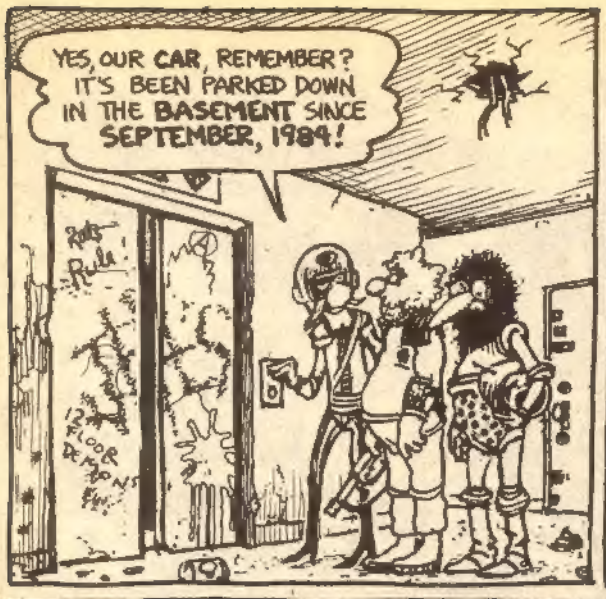
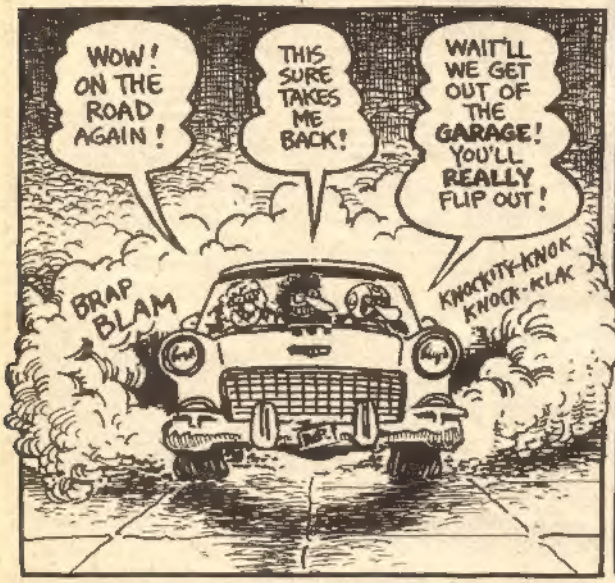
# THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROZ IN THE 21ST CENTURY

THIS STORY BEGINS IN THE APARTMENT OF OUR THREE FRIENDS, SOMETIME IN THE YEAR 2003.




YES, OUR CAR, REMEMBER? IT'S BEEN PARKED DOWN IN THE BASEMENT SINCE SEPTEMBER, 1984!
Rats Rule!
12 FLOOR DEPOSITS

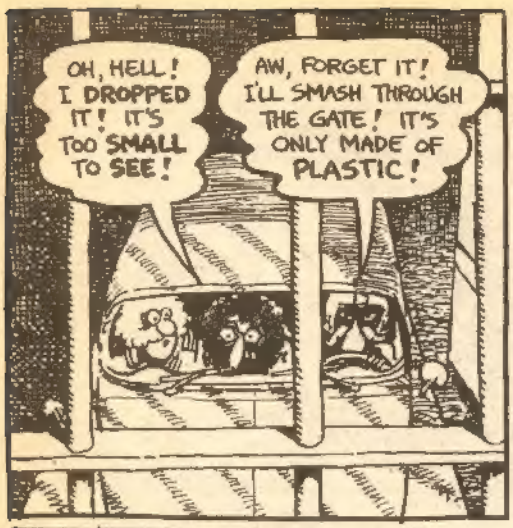
BUT... BUT WHERE CAN WE BUY GASOLINE ANY MORE?
NO NEED TO! THIS APPARATUS CONVERTS THE CARBURETOR INSTANTLY TO USE COMPRESSED PROPANE!
THIS LITTLE BOTTLE WILL TAKE US AS FAR AS WE NEED TO GO!

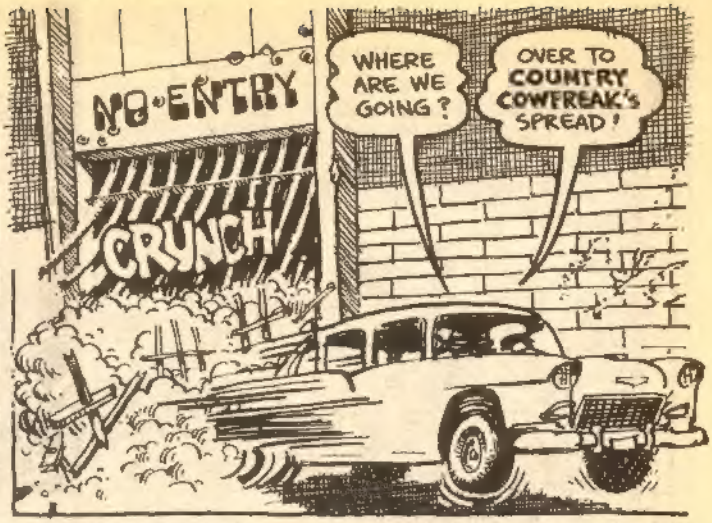

WOW! ON THE ROAD AGAIN!
THIS SURE TAKES ME BACK!
WAIT'LL WE GET OUT OF THE GARAGE! YOU'LL REALLY FLIP OUT!
BRAP BLAM
KNOCKITY-KNOK KNOCK-KLAK

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH THIS PARKING TAB IS GONNA BE!
EXIT
PAY HERE
STOP
STOP
SCRE

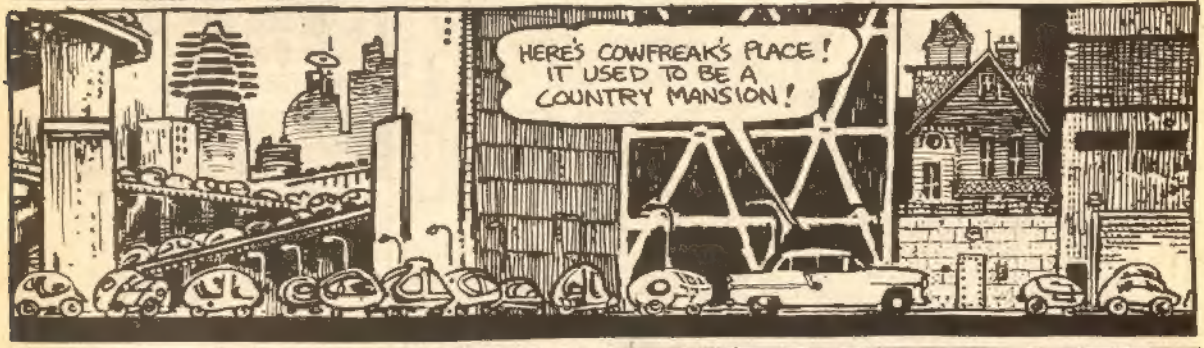
$376,530,178.00
AW, THAT'S NOT SO MUCH!
PHINEAS, DO YOU HAVE ANY CASH?
YEAH, I HAVE PLENTY!
CASH ONLY
376530178.00
TOTAL
DING

I THINK I HAVE A BILLION-DOLLAR BILL HERE IN MY PURSE SOMEWHERE!


OH, HELL! I DROPPED IT! IT'S TOO SMALL TO SEE!
AW, FORGET IT! I'LL SMASH THROUGH THE GATE! IT'S ONLY MADE OF PLASTIC!

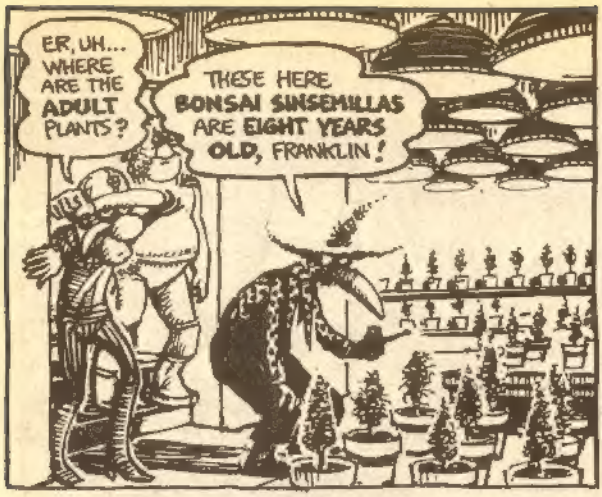

NO ENTRY
CRUNCH
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
OVER TO COUNTRY COWFREAK'S SPREAD!

THAT'S WAY OUT IN THE BOONDOCKS, IN PEAVILLE!
POLICE
SLOW
PEAVILLE NEXT 35 EXITS
DIAL 911


HERE'S COWFREAK'S PLACE! IT USED TO BE A COUNTRY MANSION!

HOWDY, COUSINS! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
HOW ABOUT SELLING US SOME OF YOUR FAMOUS "PEAVILLE PRIDE?"

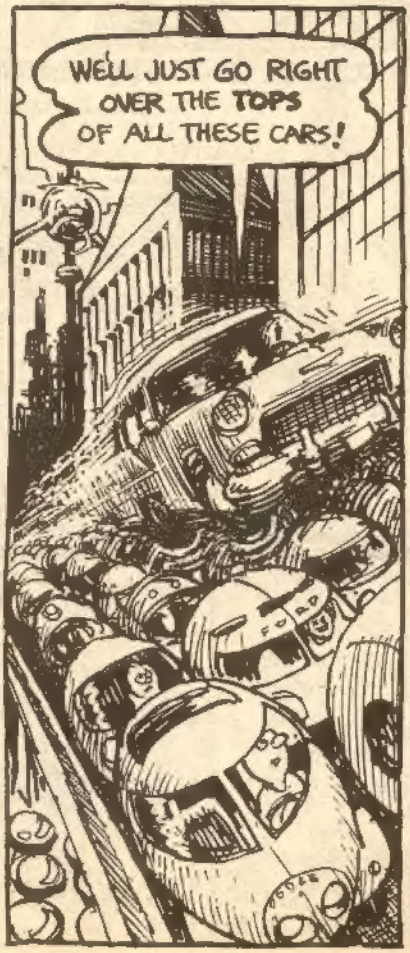
YOU DON'T GROW IT IN YOUR BACK YARD, DO YOU?
OH, NO! THE BACK YARD IS FOR THE GUARD DOGS TO SHIT IN! I GROW THE PLANTS IN THE CELLAR WITH ARTIFICIAL LIGHT!


ER, UH... WHERE ARE THE ADULT PLANTS?
THESE HERE BONSAI SINSEMILLAS ARE EIGHT YEARS OLD, FRANKLIN!

TAKE GOOD CARE OF THIS PLANT, NOW, AND IT WILL CONTINUE TO PRODUCE FOR YEARS AND YEARS! JUST KEEP A THOUSAND-WATT LIGHT SHINING ON IT 24 HOURS A DAY!

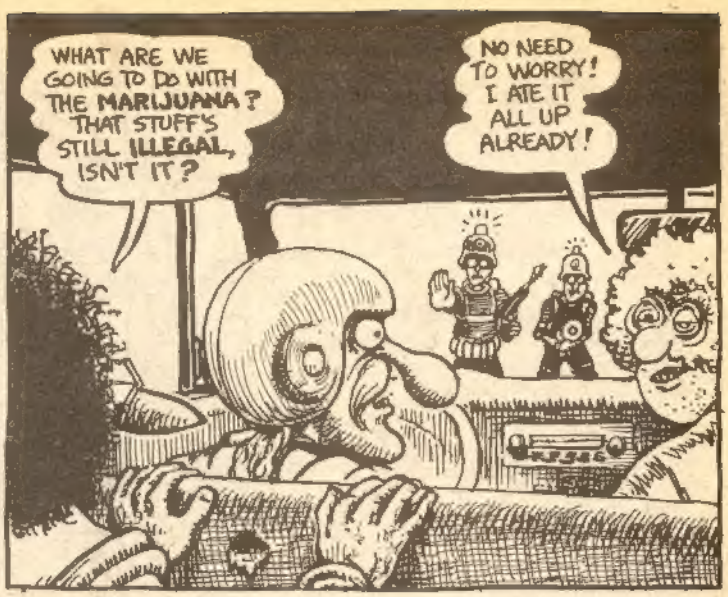
ON THE WAY HOME:
OH, MY GOSH! IT'S A MONSTER TRAFFIC JAM!
WE'LL BE STUCK HERE FOR HOURS!
AT LEAST WE HAVE DOPE!
HOOONK BEEP
BEEP
HONK
BEEP
HONK

NOW THERE'S A COP BEHIND US, SIGNALING FOR US TO PULL OVER! WE'RE TRAPPED!
HE'LL NEVER CATCH OUR 1955 CHEVROLET WITH THAT LITTLE FILIPINO CAR!


WE'LL JUST GO RIGHT OVER THE TOPS OF ALL THESE CARS!

OH, NO! THEY MUST HAVE RADIOED IN! COP CARS ARE DROPPING OUT OF THE SKY UP AHEAD!
VOOP VOOP VOOP

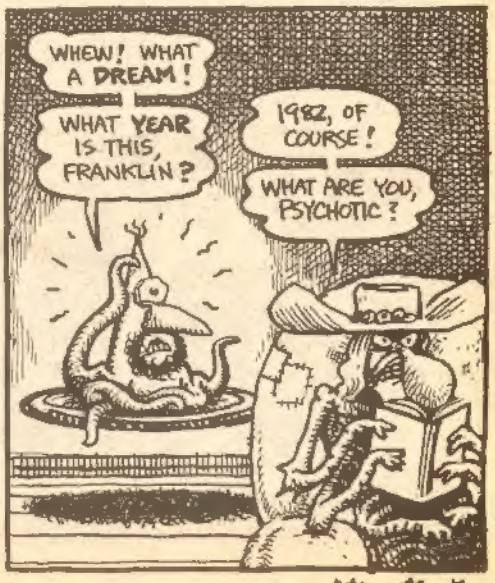
THERE'S NO ESCAPE! WE'RE SURROUNDED!


WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THE MARIJUANA? THAT STUFF'S STILL ILLEGAL, ISN'T IT?
NO NEED TO WORRY! I ATE IT ALL UP ALREADY!

YOU ATE IT ALL UP? WITHOUT GIVING ME ANY? YOU PUNK! I'LL STRANGLE YOU!
ME, TOO! I'LL STRANGLE YOU, TOO!

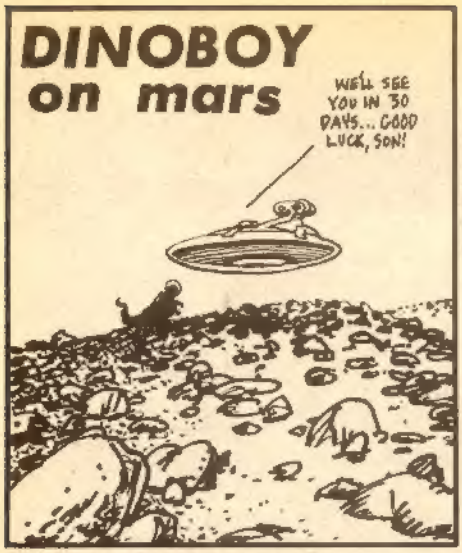
GIVE ME THE TRANK-DART GUN!
YES, COMMANDER!

THAT CALMED THEM DOWN!
YEAH, THAT HEROIN-THORAZINE COMBINATION USUALLY DOES THE TRICK!
POLICE


WHEW! WHAT A DREAM!
WHAT YEAR IS THIS, FRANKLIN?
1982, OF COURSE!
WHAT ARE YOU, PSYCHOTIC?

The End

# DINOBOY on mars



H.S. ROBINS & P. MAVRIDES
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by GILBERT SKELTON, TONY BELL, & JOE E. BROWN

# WONDER WART-HOG IN THE BATTLE OF THE TITANS

(PART 3: RETURN OF THE FUTURE)

WHEN OUR LAST EPISODE ENDED (SEE **RIP OFF COMIX** NUMBER 9), **PILTDOWN PIG** HAD JUST BEEN STRUCK DOWN BY THE **SOUL SNATCHER**, AND CONSEQUENTLY, SINCE HE HAD BEEN THE UNKNOWN ANCESTOR OF ALL THREE OF OUR OTHER PROTAGONISTS, **THEY NEVER EXISTED AT ALL!** AND WITHOUT **WONDER WART-HOG** PRESENT IN THE 20th CENTURY AS A DETERRENT, **CRIME** IS RUNNING **RAMPANT!**

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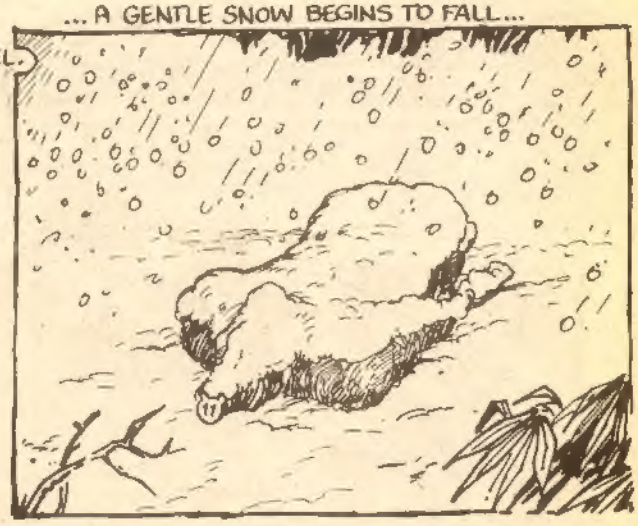
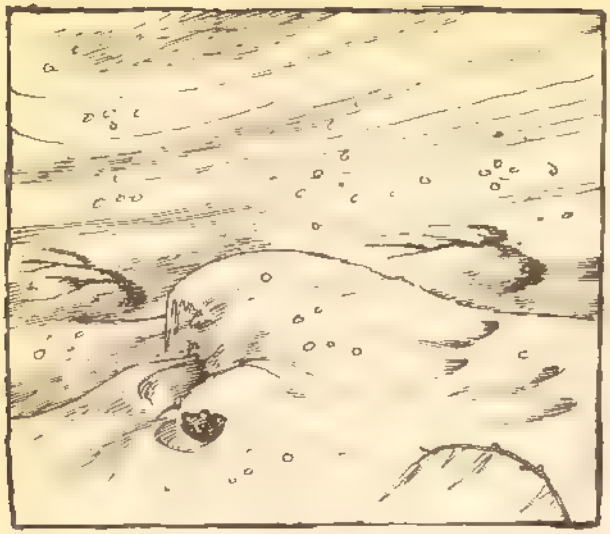
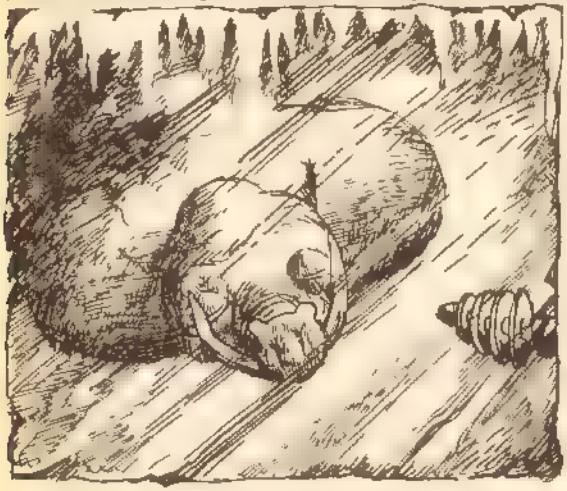
...AND IN SOME FORGOTTEN ANTEDILUVIAN MEADOW LIES THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN BRING HIM BACK, **PILTDOWN PIG**, DEADER THAN THE PROVERBIAL MACKEREL.

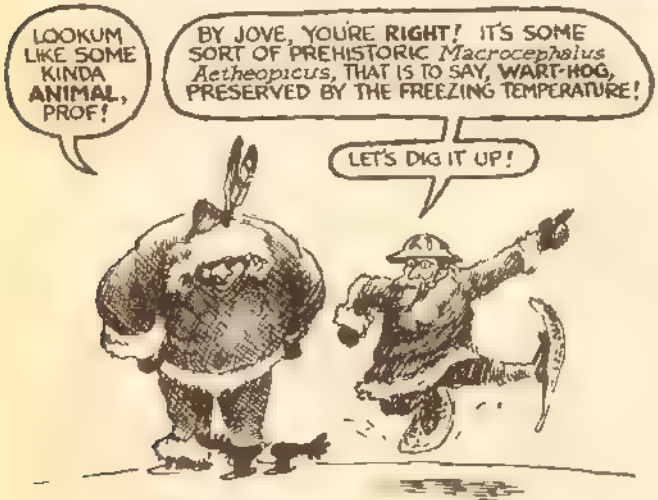
...A GENTLE SNOW BEGINS TO FALL...

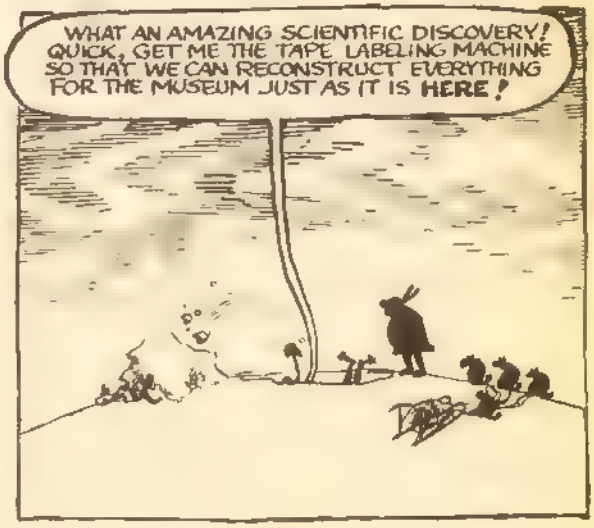




TO MAKE A RATHER LONG STORY SHORT, WE NOW SEE PILTDOWN PIG 200,000 YEARS LATER, STILL FROZEN.





IN HIS EXCITEMENT, THE GOOD PROF PICKS UP THE UNNOTICED **SOUL SNATCHER** INSTEAD OF THE LABELER!

Rear setting for power, forward, and reverse

Snatched souls stored in handle

UNTHINKINGLY, THE PROFESSOR TURNS THE DIAL TO "R" FOR "REVERSE," THINKING HE IS PRINTING AN "R" ON TAPE...

ZAP

AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU INJECT THE SOUL OF A PREHISTORIC WART-HOG INTO AN ILLITERATE ESKIMO ?

HONK! TWEET! **RICHARD NIXON** FOR **PRESIDENT** IN 1984!

OH MY GOSH! WHAT HAVE I **DONE?**

I'VE GOT TO FIGURE THIS THING OUT! LET'S SEE— I'LL TRY **ANOTHER** SETTING ON ONE OF THE **DOGS!**

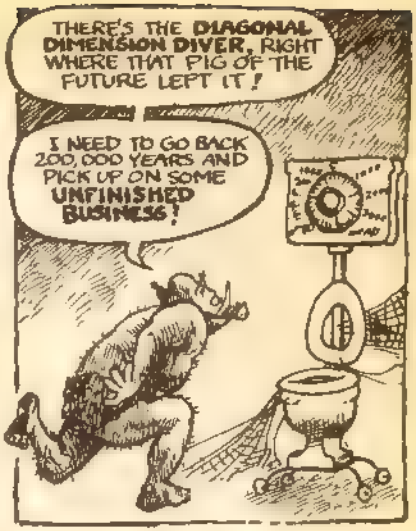
ZIT!

NOW LET **ME** HAVEUM SHOT, PROFESSOR GOONT!

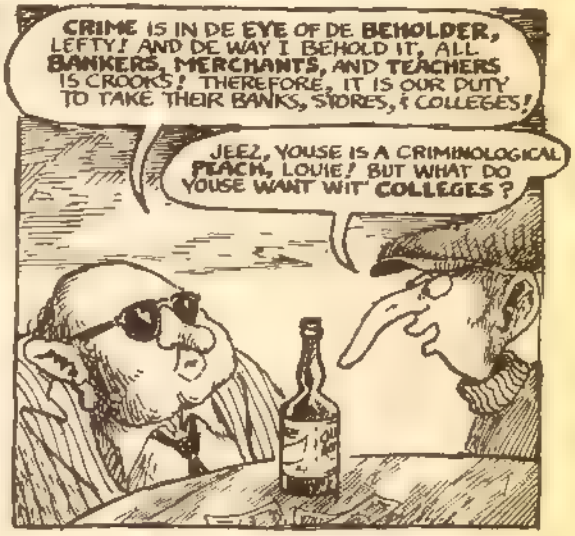
SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AFTER INNUMERABLE SOUL EXCHANGES, A STRAY BLAST CONTAINING THE PROPER SOUL HAPPENS TO HIT **PILTDOWN PIG!**

BARK BARK BARK BARK BARK

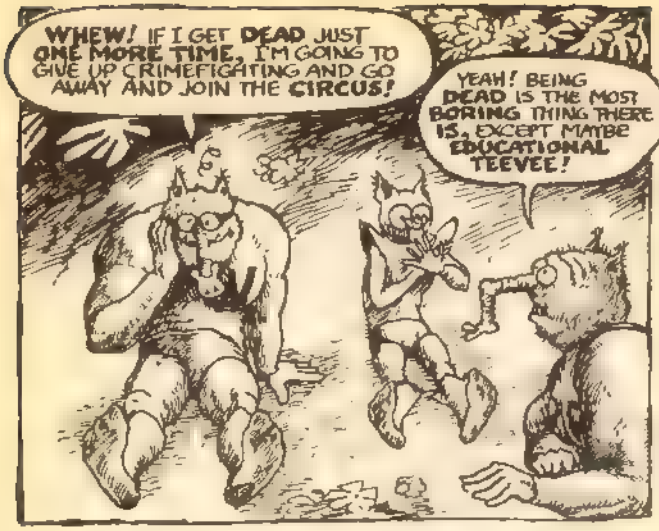
THIS MUST BE THE "PRESENT" ALREADY! I CAN TELL BECAUSE EVERYONE IS **SHOOTING** AT ONE ANOTHER!

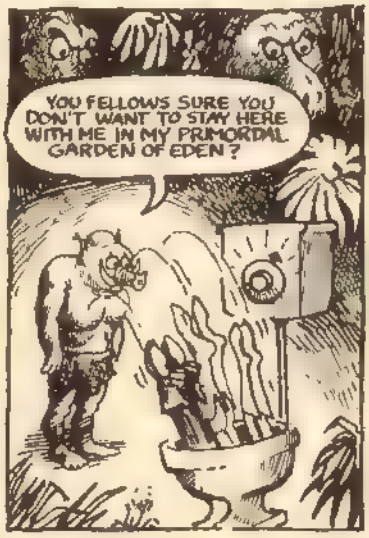


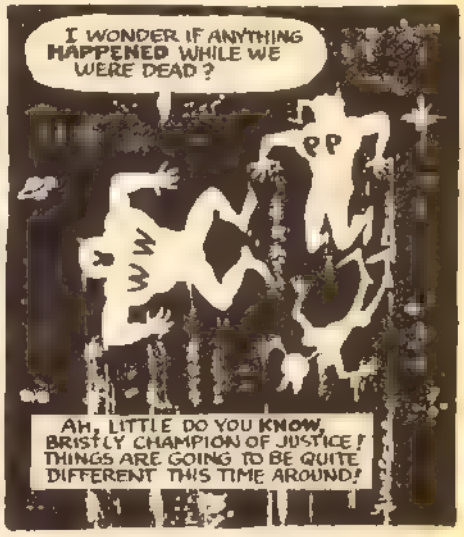

MEANWHILE, OF COURSE, THE CRIME WAVE CONTINUES UNABATED. HOWEVER, SINCE THE CRIMINALS HAVE NOW BECOME THE MAJORITY OF THE POPULATION, THEY ARE NO LONGER ACTUALLY CRIMINALS, SINCE, AS ALL OF US BELIEVERS IN DEMOCRACY KNOW, THE MAJORITY IS ALWAYS RIGHT...



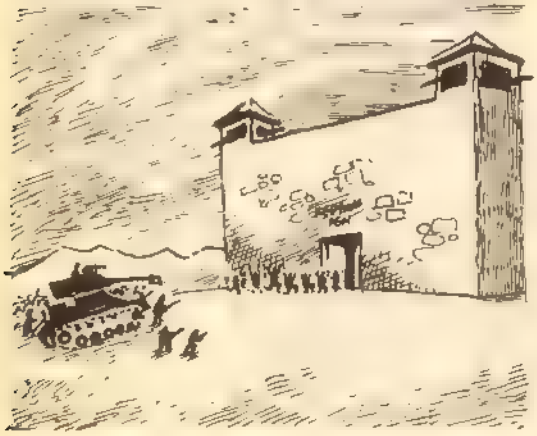
...WHILE IN THE PAST, THE REARRIVAL OF PILTDOWN PIG (IF YOU FOLLOW US) RESTORES THE LOGIC NECESSARY FOR THE EXISTENCE OF WONDER WART-HOG, PARANOID PUNKPIG, AND THE PIG OF THE FUTURE, 996-347-1364



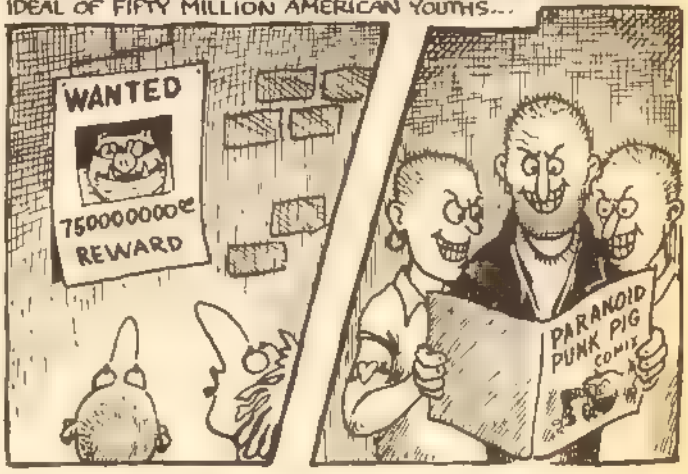


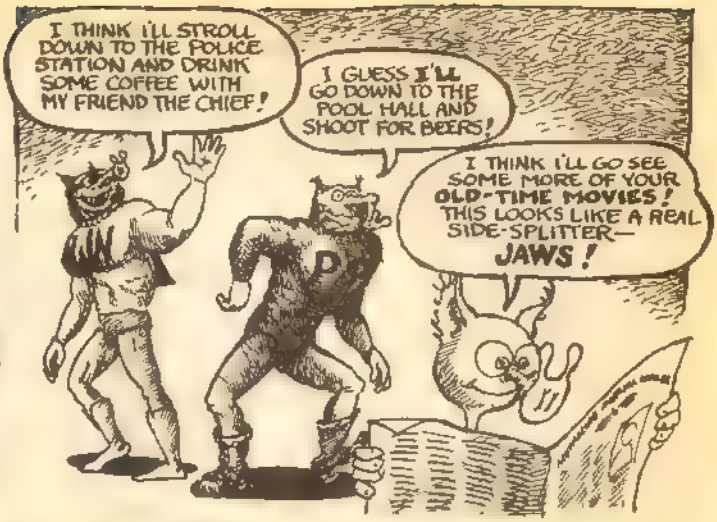

...FOR ONE THING, THE NEW MAJORITY OF THE U.S. POPULATION (FORMERLY KNOWN AS CRIMINALS AND THUGS) HAS HIRED THE COPS AND PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS AND HAS SUCCEEDED IN THROWING EVERY BANKER, BUSINESSMAN, & TEACHER INTO PRISON!

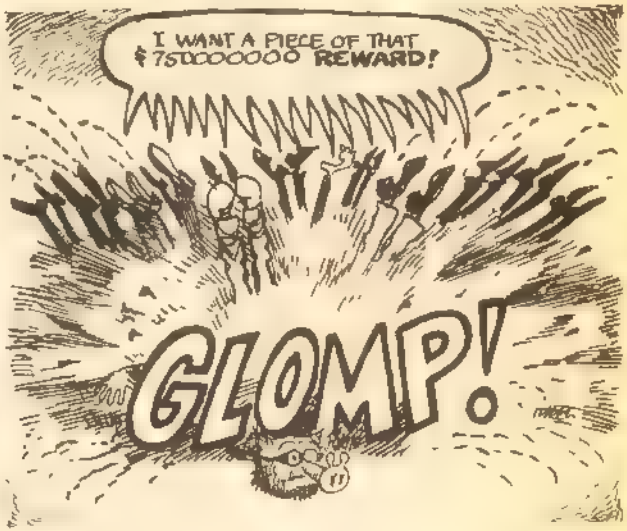


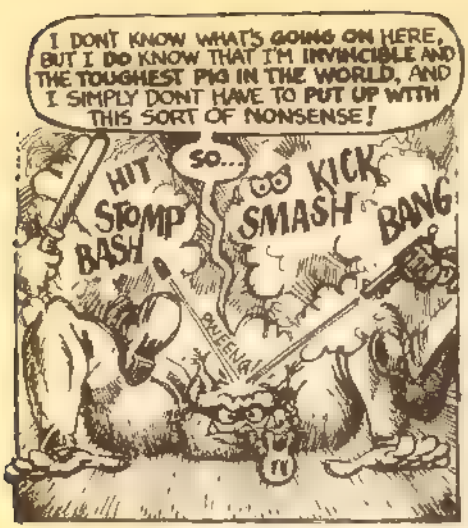
AND WHERE FORMERLY WONDER WART-HOG WAS THE FOE OF EVIL, HE IS NOW PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, WHILE HIS GREASY BROTHER PARANOID PUNKPIG HAS BECOME THE HERO AND IDEAL OF FIFTY MILLION AMERICAN YOUTHS...



THE THREE PIGS ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION...






I DONT KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT I DO KNOW THAT I'M INVINCIBLE AND THE TOUGHEST PIG IN THE WORLD, AND I SIMPLY DONT HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS SORT OF NONSENSE!
SO...
HIT
STOMP
BASH
KICK
SMASH
BANG

EEEEYARGGHH!

WHEW! I'M BUSHED! I NEED A DRINK! I'LL JUST GO OVER TO MY LITTLE BROTHER'S FAVORITE POOL HALL! I'LL SEE THE CHIEF LATER!

MEANWHILE, AT THE POOL HALL, PARANOID PUNKPIG HAS BEEN HAVING MUCH THE SAME REACTION AS HIS BROTHER.

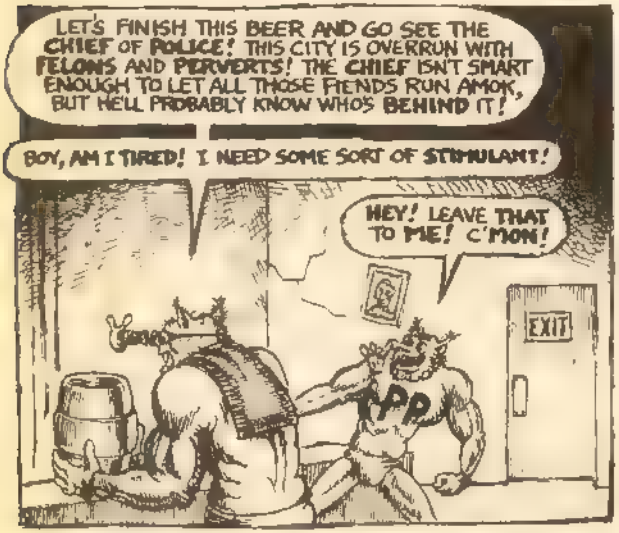
THEY WANTED MY T-SHIRT! IT'S THE ONLY ONE I'VE GOT! WHAT TH' #&@#'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?

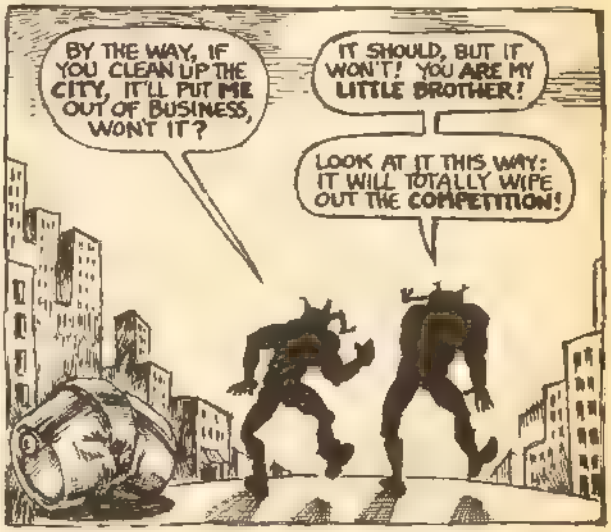
I DONT KNOW! EVERYBODY'S CRAZY!
I'LL HAVE A KEG OF BEER!
THAT SOUNDS GOOD! I'LL HAVE A KEG OF BEER, TOO!

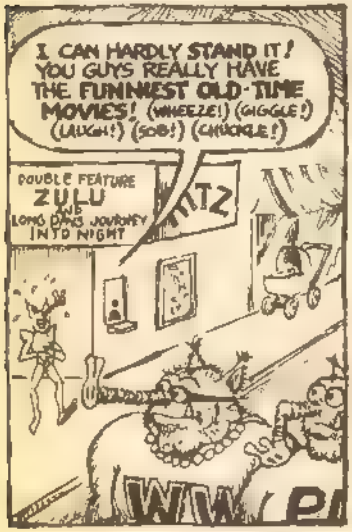
I'M SORRY, BUT WE DON'T SERVE WART-HOGS HERE!

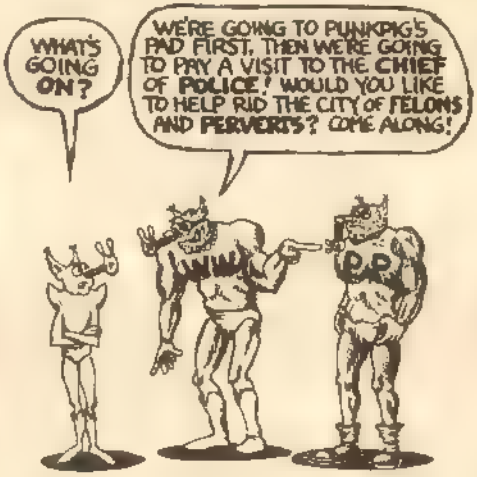
YOU SAY YOU DON'T SERVE WART-HOGS HERE? OKAY, THAT'S RIGHT! I'LL SHOW YOU WHO SERVES WART-HOGS HERE! WART-HOGS SERVE WART-HOGS HERE! GOOD NIGHT!
CLICK

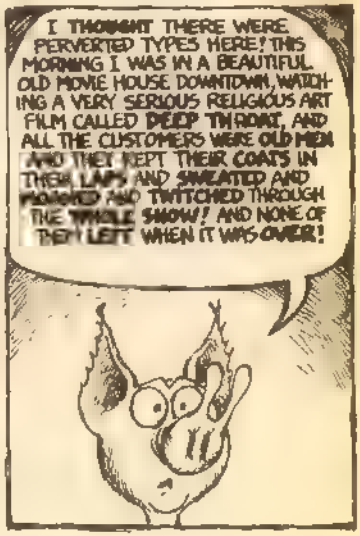
THAT WAS A CLASSY MOVE! YOU'RE NOT SO GOODY-GOODY AFTER ALL! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

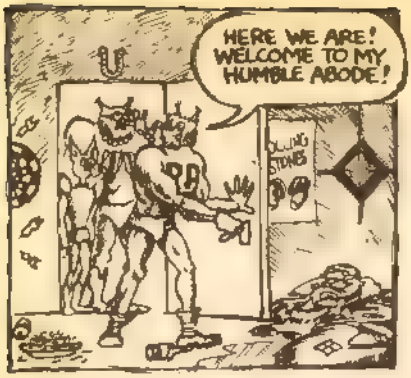

LET'S FINISH THIS BEER AND GO SEE THE CHIEF OF POLICE! THIS CITY IS OVERRUN WITH FELONS AND PERVERTS! THE CHIEF ISN'T SMART ENOUGH TO LET ALL THOSE FIENDS RUN AMOK, BUT HE'LL PROBABLY KNOW WHO'S BEHIND IT!
BOY, AM I TIRED! I NEED SOME SORT OF STIMULANT!
HEY! LEAVE THAT TO ME! C'MON!
EXIT

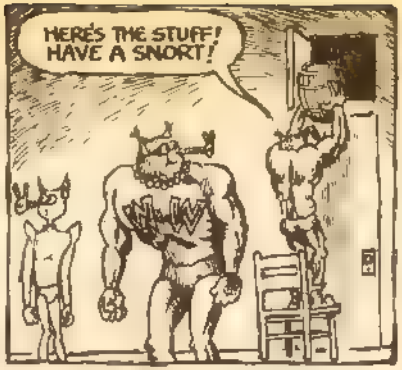

BY THE WAY, IF YOU CLEAN UP THE CITY, IT'LL PUT ME OUT OF BUSINESS, WON'T IT?
IT SHOULD, BUT IT WON'T! YOU ARE MY LITTLE BROTHER!
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY: IT WILL TOTALLY WIPE OUT THE COMPETITION!


I CAN HARDLY STAND IT! YOU GUYS REALLY HAVE THE FUNNIEST OLD-TIME MOVIES! (WHEEZE!) (GIGGLE!) (LAUGH!) (SOB!) (CHUCKLE!)
DOUBLE FEATURE
ZULU
AND
LONG DAYS JOURNEY INTO NIGHT


WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE'RE GOING TO PUNKPIG'S PAD FIRST, THEN WE'RE GOING TO PAY A VISIT TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP RID THE CITY OF FELONS AND PERVERTS? COME ALONG!

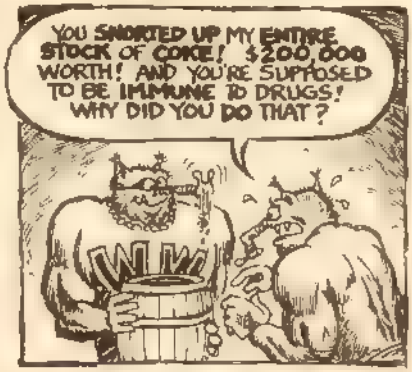

I THOUGHT THERE WERE PERVERTED TYPES HERE! THIS MORNING I WAS IN A BEAUTIFUL OLD MOVIE HOUSE DOWNTOWN, WATCHING A VERY SERIOUS RELIGIOUS ART FILM CALLED DEEP THROAT, AND ALL THE CUSTOMERS WERE OLD MEN AND THEY KEPT THEIR COATS IN THEIR LAPS AND SWEATED AND MOANED AND TWITCHED THROUGH THE WHOLE SHOW! AND NONE OF THEM LEFT WHEN IT WAS OVER!


HERE WE ARE! WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE ABODE!


HERE'S THE STUFF! HAVE A SNORT!

AREN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE ANY?
NAW, IT MAKES ME TOO EXCITED TO SHOOT POOL!
COCAINE

I GUESS I'LL TRY IT, THEN!
?!
SUUUUCKK!
POP
COCAINE

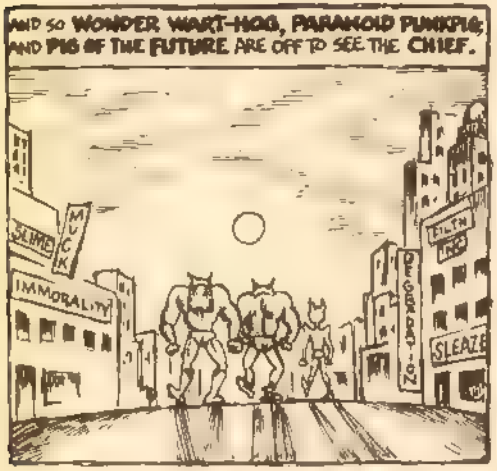

YOU SNORTED UP MY ENTIRE STOCK OF COKE! $200,000 WORTH! AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IMMUNE TO DRUGS! WHY DID YOU DO THAT?

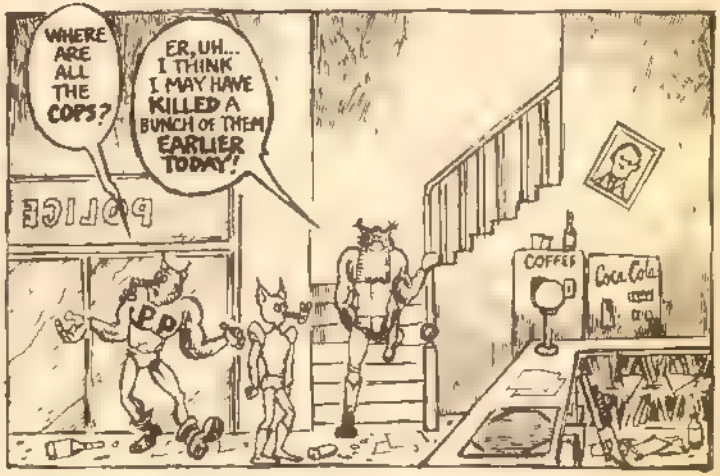
I FIND THAT I HAVE TO OVERDO SOME THINGS A LITTLE JUST TO CREATE ANY SORT OF EFFECT AT ALL!
COCAINE

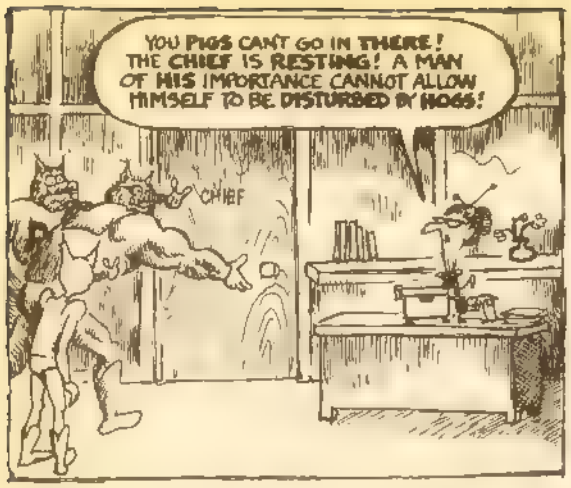
ACTUALLY, I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
...AND IF YOU DON'T QUIT SHOUTING AND HOPPING AROUND, I'M GONNA PULL YOUR HEAD OFF AND DRINK OUT OF THE HOLE!

COCAINE! WE EXPERIMENTED WITH THIS STUFF ON COWS A LONG TIME AGO (OR, BY YOUR FRAME OF REFERENCE, FAR, FAR INTO THE FUTURE)!
WE WANTED TO BREED RACING COWS!

IT DIDN'T WORK... THEY JUST STOOD THERE LOOKING AT THE GROUND AND MOOING!


AND SO WONDER WART-HOG, PARANOID PUNKPIG, AND PIG OF THE FUTURE ARE OFF TO SEE THE CHIEF.
SLIME
MUCK
IMMORALITY
FILTH
DEGRADATION
SLEAZE


WHERE ARE ALL THE COPS?
ER, UH... I THINK I MAY HAVE KILLED A BUNCH OF THEM EARLIER TODAY!
POLICE
COFFEE
Coca-Cola



CH... CHIEF?

HI, WONDER! WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS? I HEARD YOU'D GONE BAD! HEE HEE HEE! WANT A DRINK? WANT SOME HEROIN?

BEER

WINE

GERTRUDE STEIN

MAMIE EISENHOWER

GLORIA STEINEM

SUSAN B ANTHONY

DOLLY PARTON

JACKIE KENNEDY

ANITA BRYANT

BO DEREK

MS. COL SANDERS

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

# FRANK CRANKCASE'S Time Machine

*by foolbert sturgeon*

THE SEVENTIES WERE DULL IF NOT WORSE. ARE THE EIGHTIES GOING TO BE BETTER? LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

IT'S MAILTIME AT THE HOME OF MIDWESTERN INTELLECTUAL FRANK CRANKCASE!

JUNK MAIL! AT LEAST THE OVERDRAFTS AREN'T COMING OUT YET!

HEY! SEARS SALE CATALOG LISTS A TIME MACHINE FOR ONLY 89 BUCKS! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE!

BUT WHOLE EARTH CATALOG SAID THAT MACHINE WAS REAL CRUMMY. I DON'T WANT TO GET BURNED...

CONSUMER GUIDE SAYS YOU'VE GOT TO SPEND AS MUCH ON A TIME MACHINE AS YOU'D PAY FOR A LAWN MOWER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! EPA RECALLED THAT MODEL LAST YEAR! IT KEPT GETTING STUCK ON 1968!

I'M NOT GONNA BUY THAT PIECE OF JUNK! WHAT A STOOPID IDEA, ANYWAY, BUYING A TIME MACHINE FROM SEARS!

HOW DUMB DO THEY THINK I AM? I'VE LEARNED A FEW THINGS OVER THE YEARS!

I'M NO PIGEON*!!!

I'LL BUY THE DELUXE MODEL FROM WOOLCO!

$240! I'LL PUT IT ON MASTERCHARGE THEN GET GET A BILLPAYER LOAN FROM PHILANTHROPIC FINANCE COMPANY!

* FRANKCRANKCASE DOES NOT KEEP UP ON HIS STREET SLANG!

WHEN THE TIME MACHINE GETS HERE MY MONEY WORRIES WILL BE OVER! I'LL KEEP SETTING IT BACK TO THE FIRST OF THE MONTH SO I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY IN THE BANK.
FRANK WAITS FOR THE CONTRAPTION TO ARRIVE ...
WHEN I GET BORED WITH YESTERDAY I'LL RUN IT UP TO NEXT MONTH!

... FOR SEVERAL DAYS!
NO MORE COKES!
GEE, I GUESS I BETTER GO BACK TO WORK.

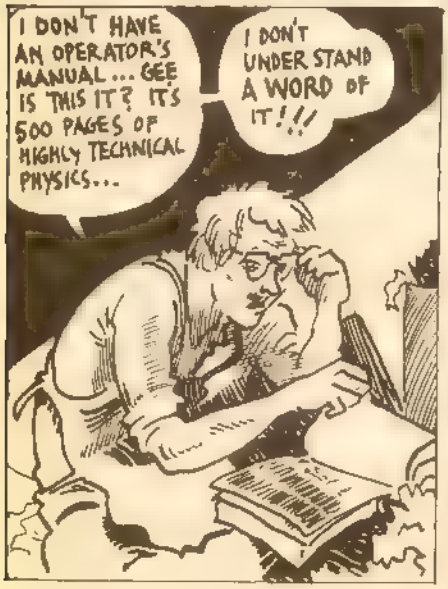
UNTIL, FINALLY HE FORGETS ABOUT IT.
A FAN-TASTIC CATCH! JUST FANTASTIC!

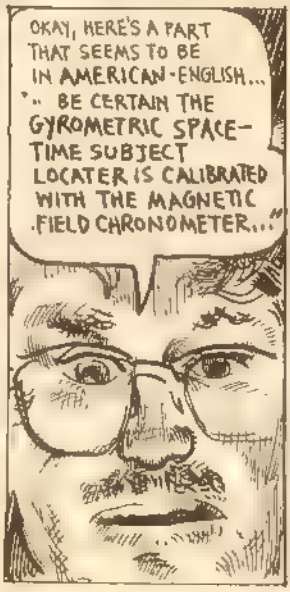
MANY MONTHS LATER.
DING DONG
SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR... PROBABLY A MORMON MISSIONARY!

THE LONG-AWAITED TREASURE ARRIVES
UNASSEMBLED! I SHOULDA KNOWN!

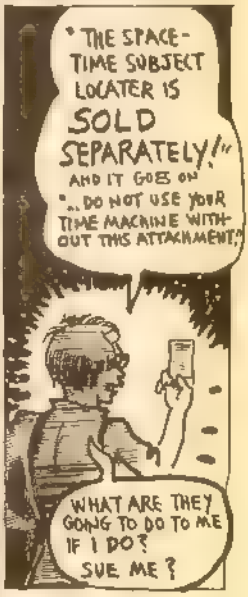
AFTER AN ARDUOUS TWO WEEKS OF READING AND RE-READING INSTRUCTIONS TRANSLATED FROM JAPANESE...
VOILA!

THE CRANK MEETS WITH ANOTHER OBSTACLE!
HOW DO YOU OPERATE THE GOD DAMN THING?
READ THE OPERATOR'S MANUAL, DUMMY!


I DON'T HAVE AN OPERATOR'S MANUAL... GEE IS THIS IT? IT'S 500 PAGES OF HIGHLY TECHNICAL PHYSICS...
I DON'T UNDER STAND A WORD OF IT!!!


OKAY, HERE'S A PART THAT SEEMS TO BE IN AMERICAN-ENGLISH... "... BE CERTAIN THE GYROMETRIC SPACE-TIME SUBJECT LOCATER IS CALIBRATED WITH THE MAGNETIC FIELD CHRONOMETER..."

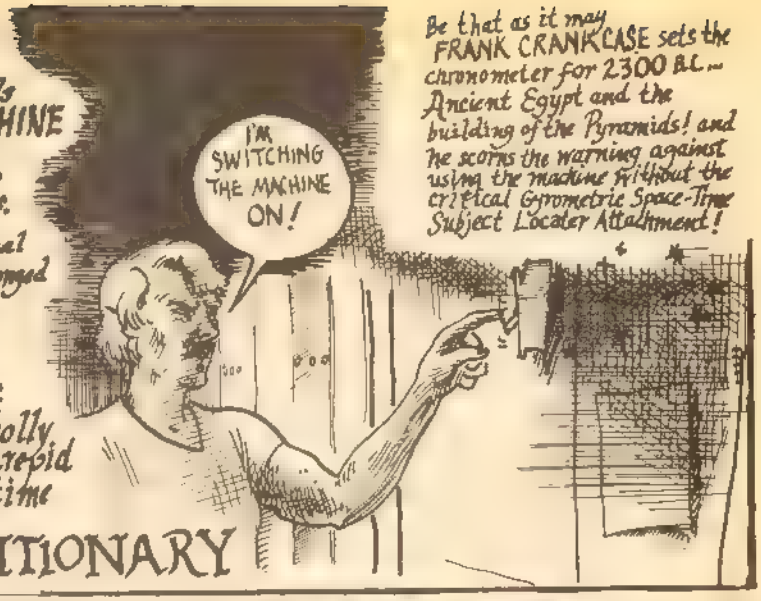
OKAY, HERE'S THE CHROMO-MAGENTIC WHATCHACALLIT, BUT WHERE IS THE SPACE-TIME SUBJECT LOCATER?
WHAT'S THIS NOTE?


"THE SPACE-TIME SUBJECT LOCATER IS SOLD SEPARATELY!" AND IT GOES ON "... DO NOT USE YOUR TIME MACHINE WITHOUT THIS ATTACHMENT."
WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO TO ME IF I DO? SUE ME?

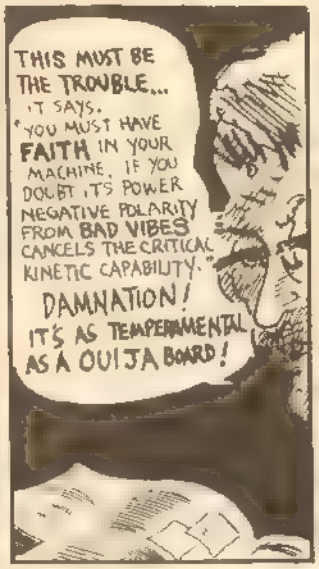
We realize that many of our technically adventurous readers will clamour for technical details about just HOW the TIME MACHINE actually works. Unfortunately for them, FOOLBERT is not at liberty to reveal the patented secret process.

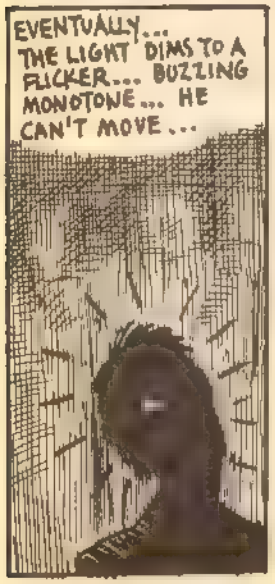
This much can be told: a principal ingredient is BAT GUANO, and prolonged exposure to emissions may cause CONSTIPATION and degenerative GLAUCOMA.

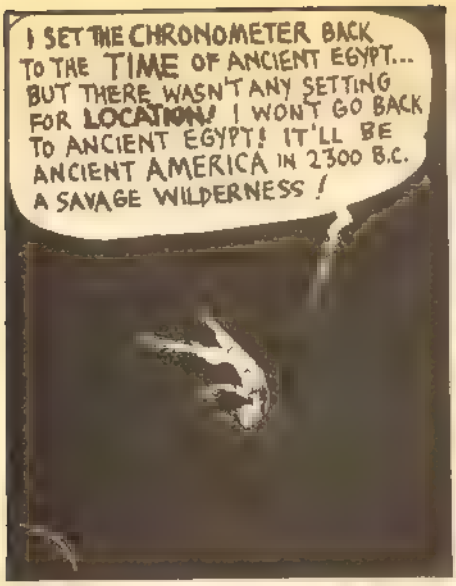
a further word of caution: deep-space travel may have wholly unpredictable effects on the intrepid CHRONONAUT... retrogressive time travel may prove to be COUNTER-EVOLUTIONARY




Be that as it may FRANK CRANKCASE sets the chronometer for 2300 B.C.— Ancient Egypt and the building of the Pyramids! and he scorns the warning against using the machine without the critical Gyrometric Space-Time Subject Locater Attachment!



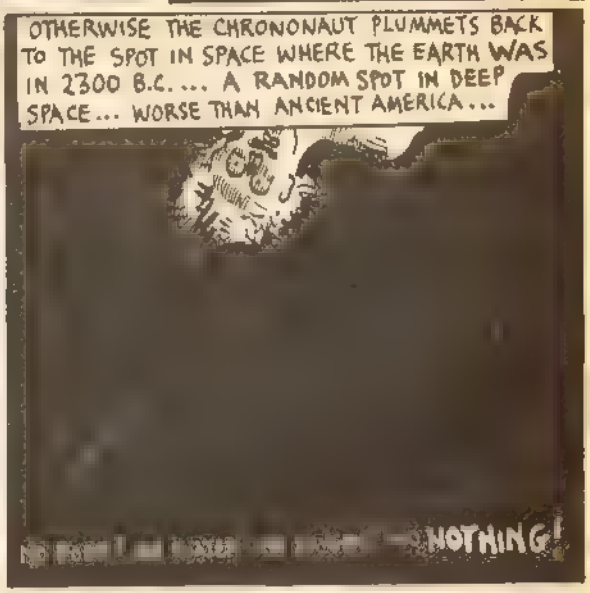



I SET THE CHRONOMETER BACK TO THE TIME OF ANCIENT EGYPT... BUT THERE WASN'T ANY SETTING FOR LOCATION! I WON'T GO BACK TO ANCIENT EGYPT! IT'LL BE ANCIENT AMERICA IN 2300 B.C. A SAVAGE WILDERNESS!

I GUESS THAT'S WHAT THE TIME-SPACE LOCATER WAS FOR!

I'M IN BIG TROUBLE!
EVEN BIGGER THAN YOU THINK, CRANKCASE!

THE MISSING PART IS A GYROSCOPIC SPACE-TIME LOCATER, IT'S PURPOSE IS TO STABILIZE MOVEMENT IN SPACE-TIME AND HOLD THE TIME TRAVELLER WITHIN THE EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD AS THE EARTH AND ITS SOLAR SYSTEM SPIN THROUGH VAST SPACE.


OTHERWISE THE CHRONONAUT PLUMMETS BACK TO THE SPOT IN SPACE WHERE THE EARTH WAS IN 2300 B.C. ... A RANDOM SPOT IN DEEP SPACE... WORSE THAN ANCIENT AMERICA...
NOTHING!

YOU HAVE ABOUT THREE MINUTES, FRANK CRANKCASE, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
I WISH I HAD THIS TO DO OVER AGAIN!

FORTUNATELY FOR THE DOOMED ADVENTURER, OMNIPOTENT EYES HAVE WITNESSED HIS PLIGHT.

THE ALMIGHTY CREATOR WHO CUSTOMARILY OBSERVES THE FALL OF EVERY SPARROW WITH BORED DISINTEREST IS IN A RARE GOOD MOOD TODAY.

THAT FOOL FRANK CRANKCASE IS IN A HOPELESS MESS AGAIN.

THESE IRASCIBLE SKEPTICS AMUSE ME SOMETIMES IN MY LEISURE HOURS. JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT I'LL GIVE HIM A BREAK!

THE ALMIGHTY SETS THE CELESTIAL CLOCK BACK SIXTY SECONDS FOR CRANKCASE'S PERSONAL ESSENCE MODULE.

BUT I'M NOT BREAKING MY RULES FOR HIM A SECOND TIME !!!

THE MAKER'S ATTENTION IS SUBSEQUENTLY DIVERTED TO AN INTERSTELLAR FIVE-ALARM HOLOCAUST CAUSED BY A NUCLEAR CONFRONTATION IN A NEARBY SOLAR SYSTEM

LUCKY FOR FRANK HE WASN'T BUSY AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

SO FRANK CRANKCASE GETS ANOTHER SHOT AT THE CLUTCH MOMENT

HERE GOES! I'M SWITCHING THE MACHINE ON!... BUT WAIT...

I'D BETTER CHECK OUT A FEW THINGS FIRST !!!

AFTER A CAREFUL CHECKOUT OF THE MACHINE PART-BY-PART ACCORDING TO THE OPERATOR'S MANUAL...

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BREAK DOWN AND INVEST IN THE G-S-T-S-L ATTACHMENT!

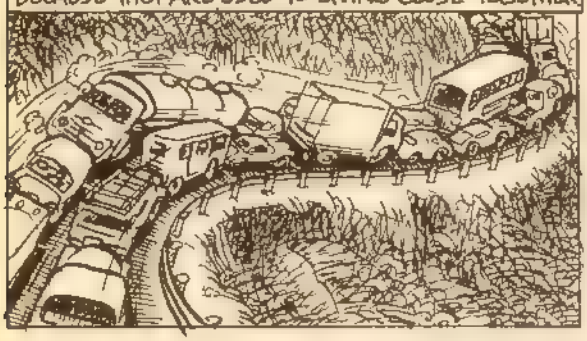
GIVE ME A GYROMETRIC SPACE-TIME SUBJECT LOCATER ATTACHMENT FOR THE WOOLCO AT-700 TIME MACHINE... AND MAKE IT FAST!

CERTAINLY, SIR! THAT WILL BE 2700 DOLLARS WITH TAX. WILL THIS BE CASH OR CHARGE?

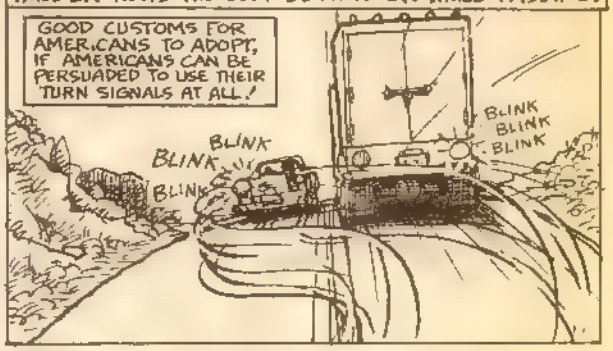
WHERE IN HELL IS FRANK CRANKCASE GOING TO GET THAT KIND OF MONEY? TO BE CONTINUED... MAYBE.

# Gilbert Shelton's ADVANCED INTERNATIONAL MOTORING TIPS: Spain

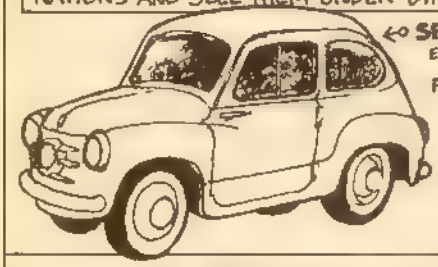
SPANISH DRIVERS HABITUALLY FOLLOW THE CAR IN FRONT AT A DISTANCE OF SIX INCHES, REGARDLESS OF SPEED. THIS IS NOT DONE TO BE AGGRESSIVE, BUT BECAUSE THEY ARE USED TO LIVING CLOSE TOGETHER.



THE TRUCK DRIVERS WILL SIGNAL YOU IF IT'S SAFE TO PASS BY TURNING ON THEIR RIGHT TURN SIGNAL. PASSER KEEPS HIS LEFT BLINKER ON WHILE PASSING.



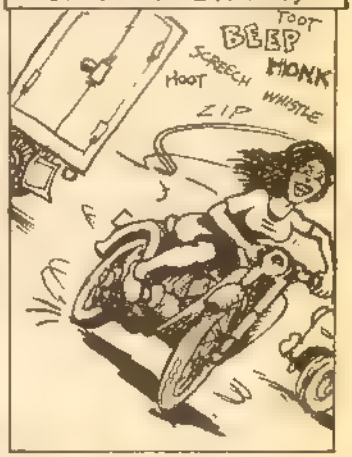

SPAIN PRODUCES NO PASSENGER CARS OF NATIVE DESIGN. SPAIN DOES, HOWEVER, COPY CARS OF OTHER NATIONS AND SELL THEM UNDER DIFFERENT NAMES.



← SEAT 600
EXACT COPY OF FIAT 600

RENAULT SIETE (7) ♂
LIKE A RENAULT 5 (LE CAR) WITH FOUR DOORS AND A TRUNK. NOT PRODUCED FOR EXPORT

THE MOTORCYCLE IS EXTREMELY POPULAR AMONG THE SPANISH, AND THE STREETS ABOUND WITH BEAUTIFUL AND DARING LADY MOTORCYCLISTS. SPANIARDS DO NOT LIKE TO WALK, THOUGH, NOR ARE BICYCLES FREQUENTLY SEEN (WITH CERTAIN EXCEPTIONS—SEE FOLLOWING PICTURE).

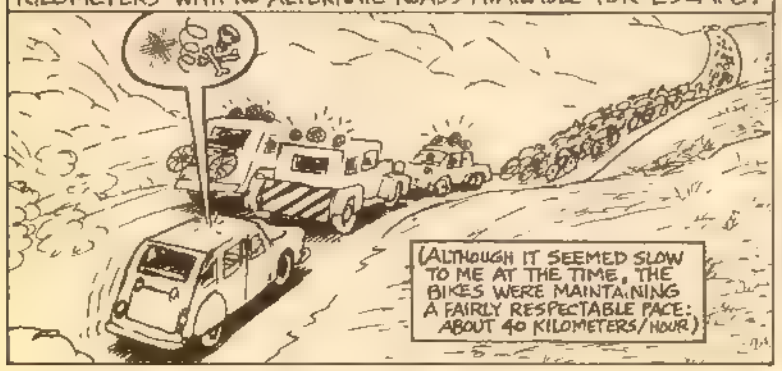


IF YOU THOUGHT THAT **FOUR-WHEEL STEERING** WAS THE EXCLUSIVE PROVINCE OF EXOTIC SPORTS AND RACING CARS, YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY NEVER SEEN THE

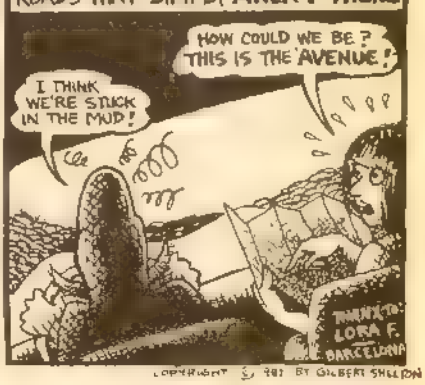
**PEGASO TRUCK**

← ALL FOUR FRONT WHEELS STEER

ONE OF MY MOST MEMORABLE SPANISH DRIVING EXPERIENCES WAS BEING STUCK BEHIND A BICYCLE RACE FOR TWO HUNDRED KILOMETERS WITH NO ALTERNATE ROADS AVAILABLE FOR ESCAPE.




NEVER PLACE TRUST IN SPANISH **MAPS**, AS THEY SHOW NUMEROUS ROADS THAT SIMPLY **AREN'T THERE**

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# Special Section: Spanish COMIX

One doesn't ordinarily associate the country of Spain with comics and cartoonists, but the country is full of them. For instance, Pablo Picasso (b Malaga 1883) already fairly well-known as a painter and illustrator, is actually one of the greatest cartoonists of our age. Spain has comic books, comic magazines, comics in weekly magazines and in the newspapers, just like we have in the United States. At the time of the editing of this special section I had been living in Spain for about a year and a half, doing for the most part nothing but drinking beer and reading comic books, and I had looked at thousands of the things. My personal favorite was one called *El Vibora* (The Viper), winner of the "Best New Comix Magazine" award at the 1981 Barcelona International Comix Fair and whose editorial policy on such matters as sex and drugs is more liberal than anything you can expect to find in France, England, Germany, the U.S.A., or almost any other country. The fact that they also publish my work in no way influenced my judgement.

Because Spain does indeed offer a greater measure of freedom of the press, in certain respects, *El Vibora* has more of the spirit and feel of the old underground comix than anything I've seen in a long time. No one expected to see such changes in the few brief years since Spain became a democracy. We all know Franco died in 1975; what everyone keeps asking is, is he still dead? There is still a very clear and present danger of a takeover by right-wing elements of the army, and if and when that happens we can probably kiss *El Vibora* good-bye.

Meanwhile, it has a monthly circulation of 30,000 and growing, which would be equal to about two hundred thousand here, is distributed all over Spain and can be found at almost any newsstand in Barcelona. Most of the stories in *El Vibora*, I regret to say, are too sexy or too violent for Rip Off Comix' low-profile editorial policy, but Rip Off Press plans to publish a big anthology of the juicier stuff in english later this year. If you read spanish well, you might wish to subscribe to *El Vibora* itself—the address is Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona 3, Espana, and its 1,500 pesetas in Spain, foreign postage extra.

Kim's "Martinez the Fascist" is published one page per week in *El Jueves* ("Thursday, The Magazine that Comes Out on Wednesdays") and is published as an anthology (spanish only) by Ediciones Zeta, Rocafort 104, Barcelona 15, Espana.

The introduction below was written by "Onliyu," a columnist for *El Vibora*, and the illustration is by Pons, one of its chief cartoonists, among whose voluminous works we were unable to find a single story which we did not think would cause a deluge of porn busts. We were assisted in the translations by Jose Maria Berenguer, editor and publisher of that singular comix magazine.

The last story in the section is by me, and it offended many of my Spanish friends when it was first published by *El Vibora* because it makes light of the concept of regional autonomy, a subject the Catalanes in Barcelona take very seriously. Well if Catalunya ever does become independent from Spain, they can put me up against the wall and shoot me, just like we're going to do with a lot of people down in Austin when Texas becomes independent from the U.S.A.

—Gilbert Shelton

## INTRODUCTION

Each country has its own particular type of silliness which it enjoys inflicting on everyone. The French, for example, believe they make love better than anyone else. The Americans, for their part, believe that they control the world. The English believe their most glorious characteristics are sensibility and cynicism; the Italians, sensitivity and passion. Futher away, the Japanese are efficient, the Vietnamese intrepid.

As for us Spanish, we don't actually enjoy showing off our qualities of fierceness, pride and braveness just to maintain our legend. Our real talent is, I dare say, uselessness. Look at our two national heros, Don Quixote and Don Juan, two eminent fuck-ups. Not to mention the feats that mark our national history: the conquest of America, the invincible Armada, the Civil War of 1936 . . . all perfect examples of madness, monuments to the absurd, sophisticated imbecilities. Whatever happens, we enjoy it. We are as happy doing nothing as a Formula One race-car driver is at 150 m.p.h. Nothing strange, then, in the way cartoonists proliferate in Spain.

Owing to our catholic upbringing, we regard work as a divine curse and we do all that we can in order not to be affected by it. Nothing makes a Spaniard feel more noble than, face to face with his comrades, to dedicate himself to nothing in its various forms.

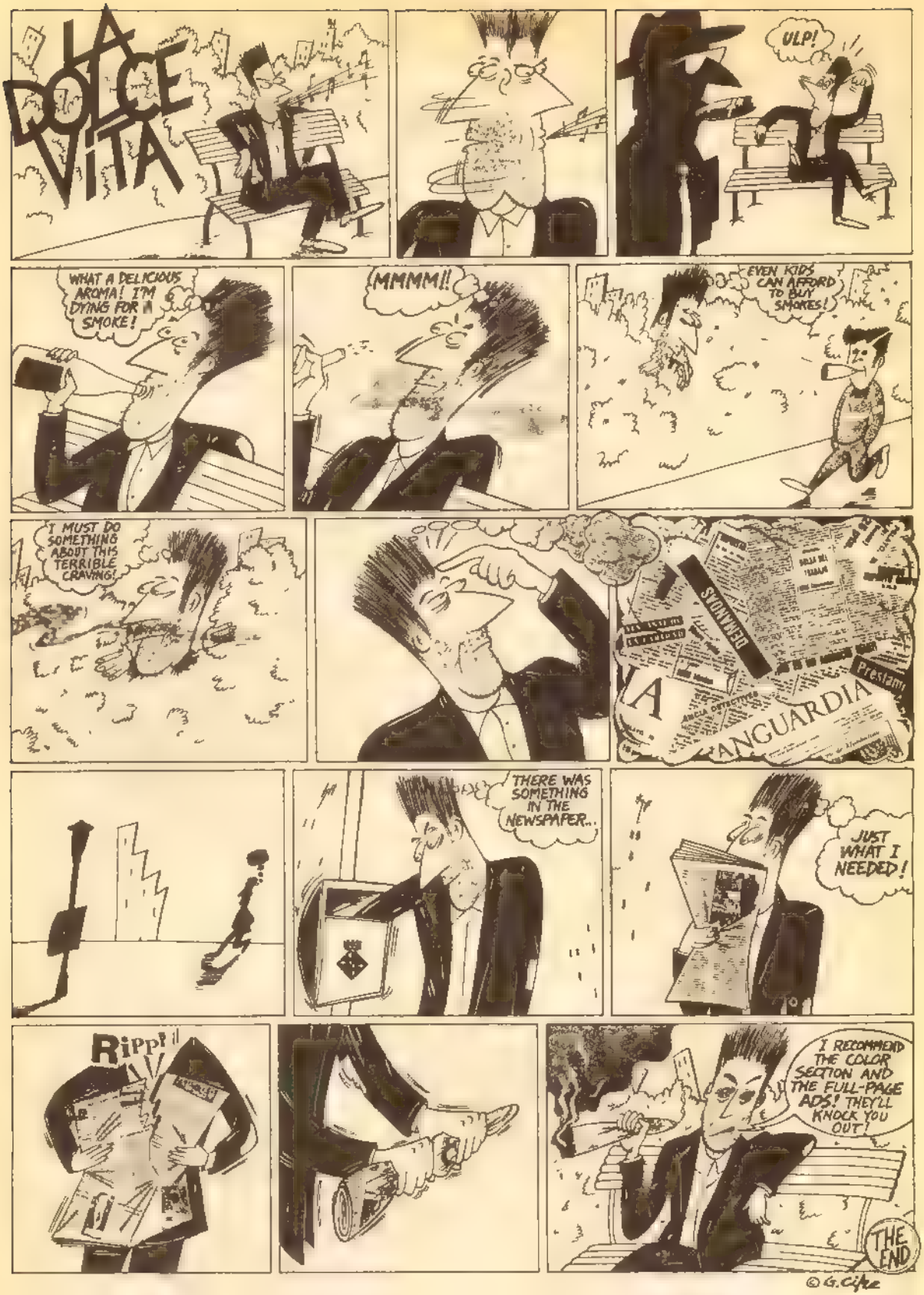
Therefore, when we set about doing something, we intend the results to bear as little as possible to those produced by an honest and boring day's work. We like, as you will see in the following pages, comic strips with evil characters, renegades, and lost souls. We also want to make it clear that the world is malignant and it's every man for himself. In this respect, you must understand, we are a little paranoid. It's just that we've seen so many centuries of bad luck.

At any rate, there is little similarity among the various cartoonists whose pages are presented to you in this issue, except in the hate which they profess for one another and for everyone else, in their ages (they are almost all around thirty) and a strange propensity to get drunk together.

NAZARIO (Seville, 1945) draws stories full of knowledge of that subject which is generally called "fe" with a dark smile. GALLARDO (Lerida, 1955) and MEDIAVILLA (Burgos, 1950), surely the world's wildest cartoon team, have come to know more of the hardcore slums than any Mephistopholean cop. MARTI (Barcelona, 1954) some years ago found in Chester Gould a kindred spirit, and descends from him like the cro-magnon from the neanderthal. MAX (Barcelona, 1954) has the most fantastic imagination of the bunch. CIFRE (Barcelona, 1954) is the most eccentric. Genre writing is the specialty of KIM (Barcelona, 1950), while SIMONEDES (Vitoria, 1953) is the anarchist. MONTESOL (Barcelona, 1952) likes to do corny stuff, SENTO (Valencia, 1954) is futuristic.

And that's what we have. Hope they go down lightly.

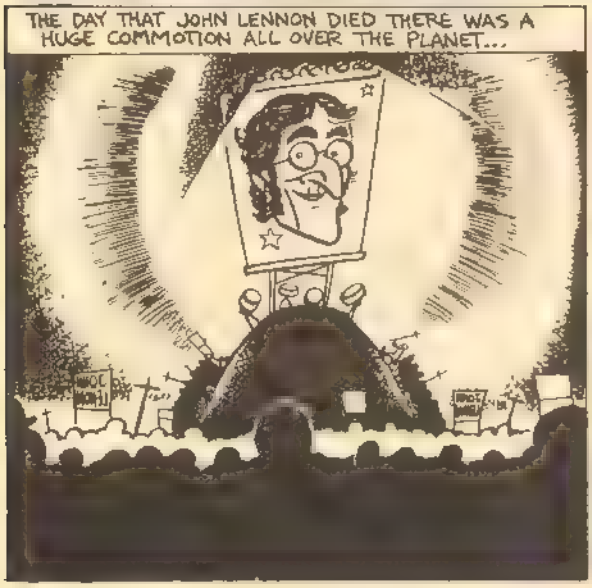
—Onliyu

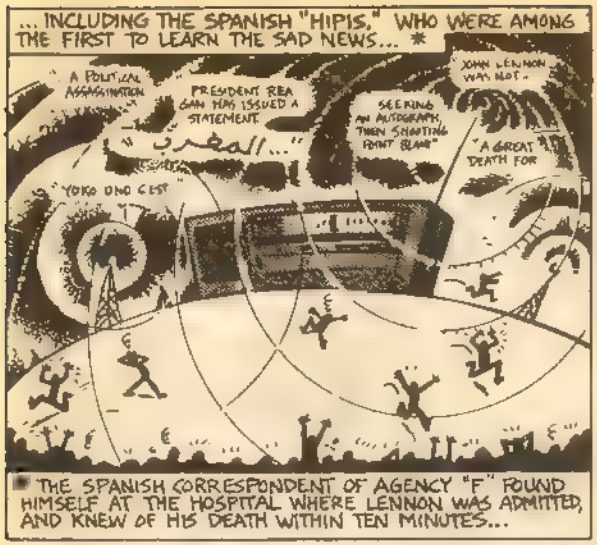

LA DOLCE VITA
ULP!
WHAT A DELICIOUS AROMA! I'M DYING FOR A SMOKE!
MMMM!!
EVEN KIDS CAN AFFORD TO BUY SMOKES!
I MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS TERRIBLE CRAVING!
STONEWALL
Prestamos
A
ANGUARDIA
THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THE NEWSPAPER...
JUST WHAT I NEEDED!
Ripp!
I RECOMMEND THE COLOR SECTION AND THE FULL-PAGE ADS! THEY'LL KNOCK YOU OUT!
THE END
© G. Cike

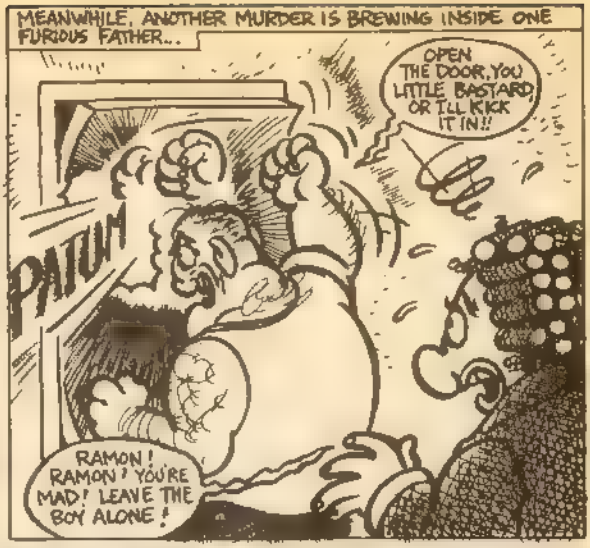
# the day of the death of JOHN LENNON

"WHEN FAMOUS PEOPLE PASS AWAY, ALL THE WORLD LAMENTS... WHEN POOR FOLKS KICK THE BUCKET, NO ONE GIVES TWO CENTS..."

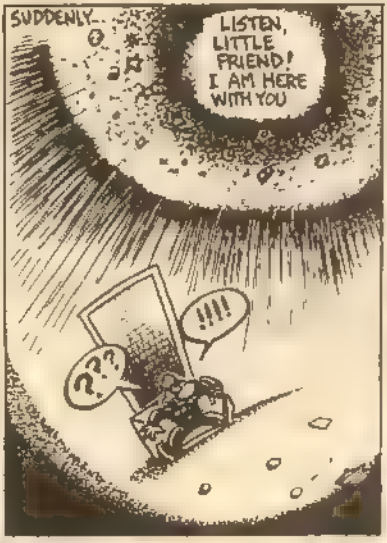
AN ADVENTURE OF... "THE KID"



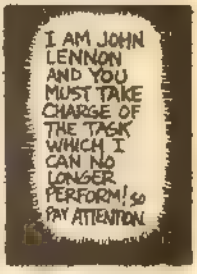

...INCLUDING THE SPANISH "HIPIS," WHO WERE AMONG THE FIRST TO LEARN THE SAD NEWS... *
A POLITICAL ASSASSINATION
PRESIDENT REAGAN HAS ISSUED A STATEMENT
SEEKING AN AUTOGRAPH, THEN SHOOTING POINT BLANK
JOHN LENNON WAS NOT...
"A GREAT DEATH FOR
YOKO ONO C'EST
* THE SPANISH CORRESPONDENT OF AGENCY "F" FOUND HIMSELF AT THE HOSPITAL WHERE LENNON WAS ADMITTED, AND KNEW OF HIS DEATH WITHIN TEN MINUTES...

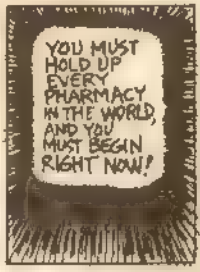

MEANWHILE, ANOTHER MURDER IS BREWING INSIDE ONE FURIOUS FATHER...
OPEN THE DOOR, YOU LITTLE BASTARD, OR I'LL KICK IT IN!!
PATUM
RAMON! RAMON! YOU'RE MAD! LEAVE THE BOY ALONE!

IT'S YOUR FAULT HE TURNED OUT TO BE A PUNK AND A JUVENILE DELINQUENT!
AND I'M FED UP WITH THE BRAZEN SHAMELESSNESS IN THIS HOUSE!
YOU LET HIM DO ANYTHING! THEN HE THINKS HE CAN DO WHAT HE WANTS!
PATUM!

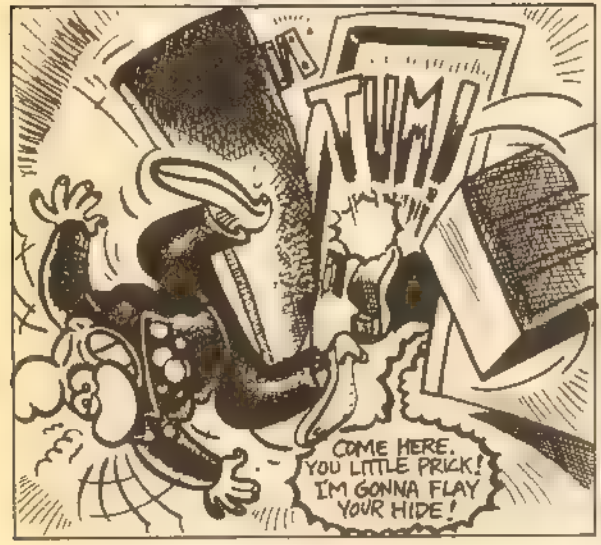

SUDDENLY...
LISTEN, LITTLE FRIEND! I AM HERE WITH YOU
!!!!
??

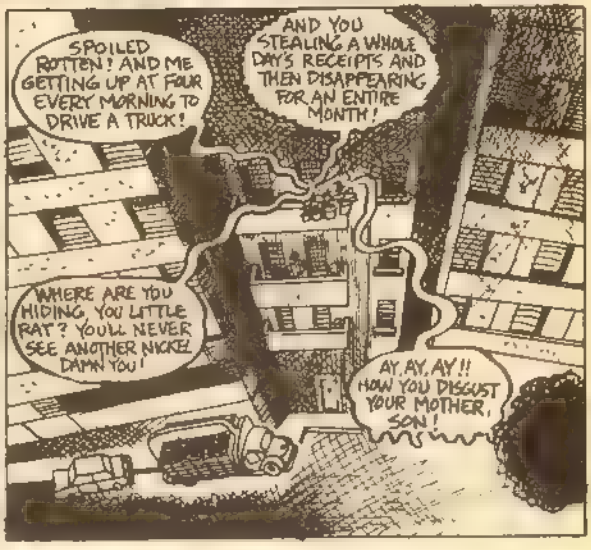
YESSS!! YESSSS!!


I AM JOHN LENNON AND YOU MUST TAKE CHARGE OF THE TASK WHICH I CAN NO LONGER PERFORM! SO PAY ATTENTION


YOU MUST HOLD UP EVERY PHARMACY IN THE WORLD, AND YOU MUST BEGIN RIGHT NOW!

JOHN LENNON WHO IS IN HEAVEN WILL PROTECT YOU AND GUIDE YOUR FOOTSTEPS ON EARTH!


PUMP
COME HERE, YOU LITTLE PRICK! I'M GONNA FLAY YOUR HIDE!


SPOILED ROTTEN! AND ME GETTING UP AT FOUR EVERY MORNING TO DRIVE A TRUCK!
AND YOU STEALING A WHOLE DAY'S RECEIPTS AND THEN DISAPPEARING FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH!
WHERE ARE YOU HIDING, YOU LITTLE RAT? YOU'LL NEVER SEE ANOTHER NICKEL DAMN YOU!
AY, AY, AY!! HOW YOU DISGUST YOUR MOTHER, SON!

NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT... WITH YOUR LEATHER JACKET AND GREASY HAIR LIKE SOME KIND OF PIMP, AND STEALING A HUNDRED AND FORTY BUCKS FROM THE IDIOT OF A FATHER THAT SUPPORTS YOU!!

WAIT! THE CHILD HAS BROUGHT YOU A GIFT!

Y-YEAH!

KRACK

HUH? THAT'S A PRETTY FANCY APPARATUS!

SEE HOW MUCH YOUR SON LOVES YOU? LOOK! LOOK! IT HAS FIVE STATIONS!

WELL, I'LL BE A SON OF A BITCH! THIS IS A NICE PIECE OF MACHINERY, ISN'T IT?

CERTAINLY! SEE HOW NICE THE BOY IS, AND YOU WERE ABOUT TO BEAT HIM UP AGAIN!

... YESTERDAY... WHEN MY TROUBLES SEEMED SO FAR AWAY... FRIENDS, JOHN LENNON IS WITH US NO LONGER...

YOU'RE ALWAYS DEFENDING THE LITTLE BUM...

CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING BUT CURSE?

NO, IF HE'S ALWAYS RIGHT!

ROLL UP!! ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR! ROLL UP!! ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR...

HEY! WHERE'S HE GONE? I STILL HAVE AN ACCOUNT TO SETTLE WITH THAT KID!

Home Delivery

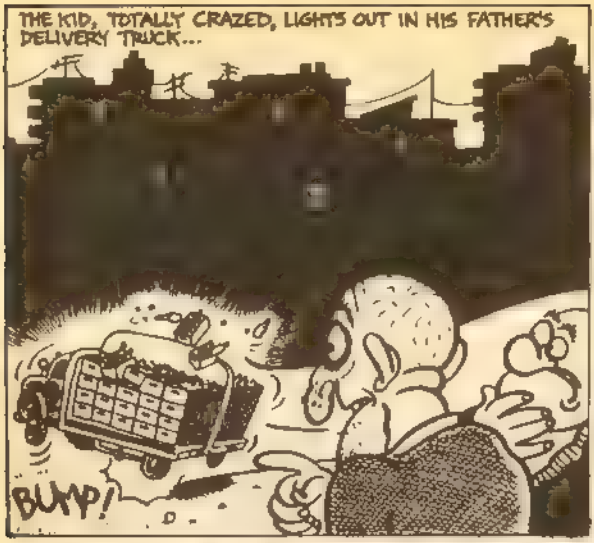
S.P.

B 340

MY TRUCK! HE LIFTED THE KEYS TO MY TRUCK!!

SON! DON'T DO ANYTHING WRONG!

VROOM!

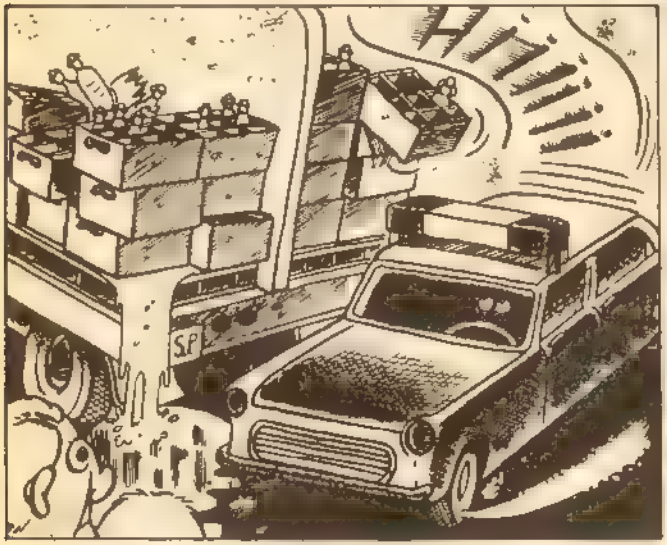

THE KID, TOTALLY CRAZED, LIGHTS OUT IN HIS FATHER'S DELIVERY TRUCK...
BUMP!

PHARM

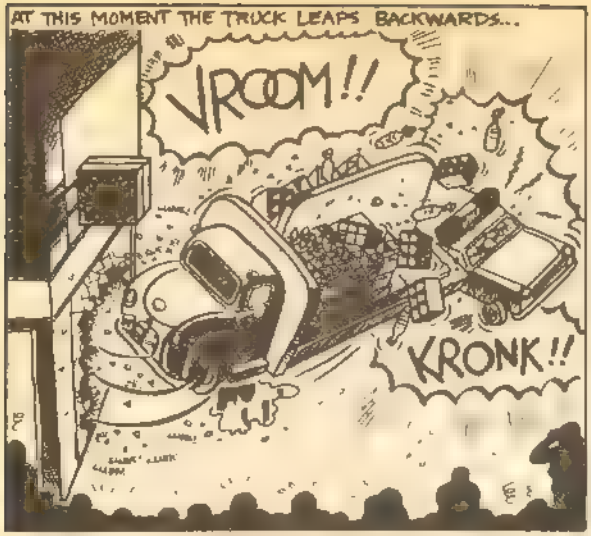
CRASH!

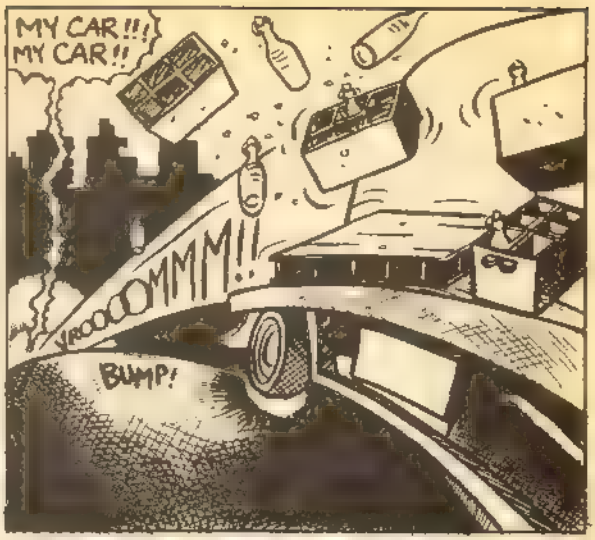
ACY
PHARMACY

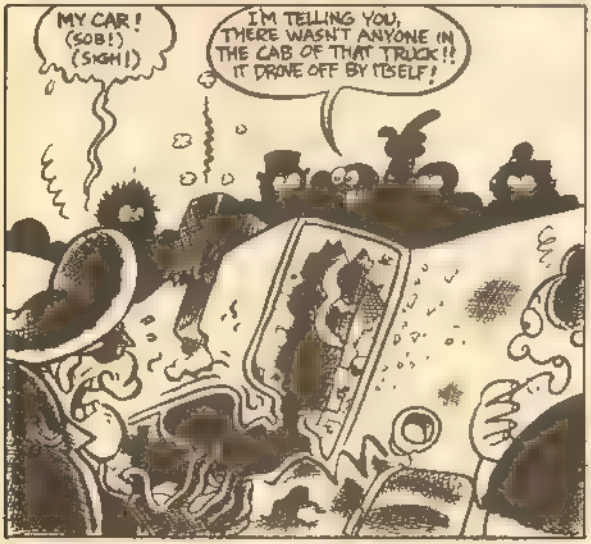
MY COLLEAGUE! YOU ARE NOW IN THE PHARMACY! SO GET ON WITH IT! DON'T LOSE A SECOND! OH YEAH!

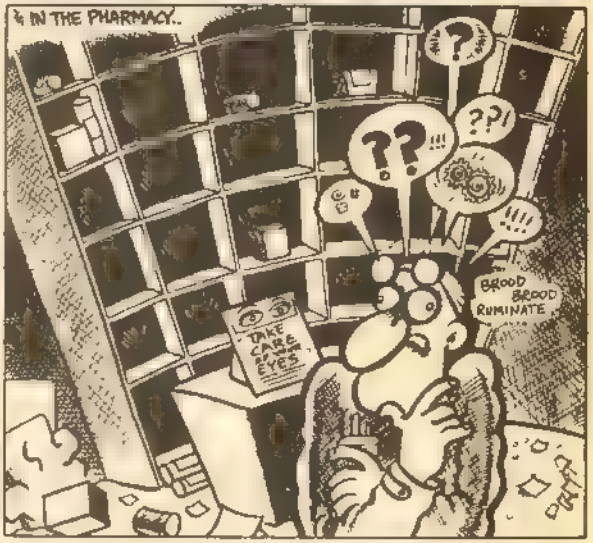

HIIIIII
SP

LET'S SEE WHAT TH' HELL'S GOING ON... IS THIS TRUCK GUY DRUNK, OR WHAT? LET ME IN!


AT THIS MOMENT THE TRUCK LEAPS BACKWARDS...
VROOM!!
KRONK!!

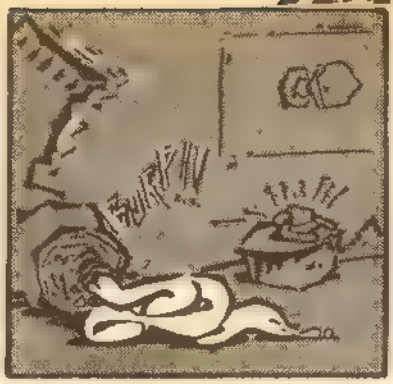

MY CAR!!! MY CAR!!
VROOOOMMM!!
BUMP!


MY CAR! (SOB!) (SIGH!)
I'M TELLING YOU, THERE WASN'T ANYONE IN THE CAB OF THAT TRUCK!! IT DROVE OFF BY ITSELF!

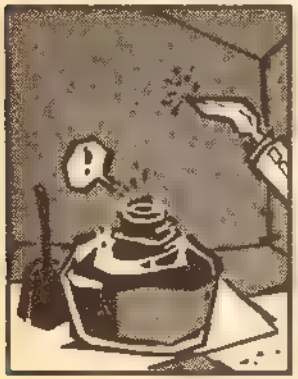

& IN THE PHARMACY..
?
??!
??!!!
!!!!
BROOD BROOD RUMINATE.
TAKE CARE OF EYES

MMMMNH! PRETTY GOOD! HERES TO LENNON'S HEALTH!
AND TO TOP IT OFF, WE GOT SODAS!
THEY SAY A JAMAICAN PUT FOUR HOLES IN HIM!
RIGHT NOW I'M GONNA HAVE A HIT OF DOWNER!
THERE'S SOME OF EVERYTHING!
METHADONE? PANTOPON? THORAZINE? NEMBUTOL? DEMEROL? MORPHINE?
HE SAYS JOHN LENNON APPEARED AND TALKED TO HIM..
HE'S CRAZY!!
HE SHOOTS UP A LOT..
LOOK, MANNITOL TO CUT TH' COKE WITH!
HEY KID! NO HALLUCINATING!
Y-YES! YES JOHN!
WELL DONE, BROTHER... I SHALL NOW GIVE YOU ANOTHER QUEST...
HFFFF!
GALLARDO MEDIAVILLA

Santo

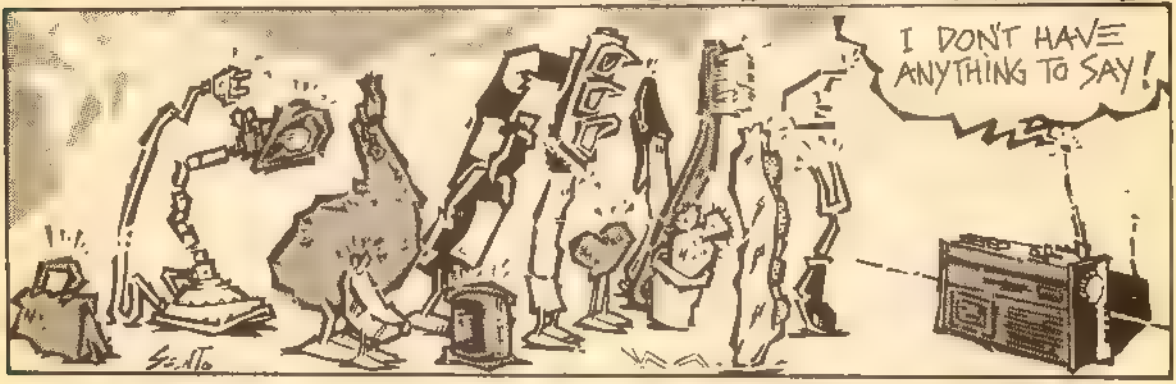


FEELING BETTER NOW?
COF!


!

A!!
CHUNK
Santo

GOLLY! I'VE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED HER!


I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY!
Santo

Z

ARE YOU FREE?

JUST GIVE ME A TURN.
WHICH WAY?
Santo.

# OUTSIDE THE LAW

by Mart!

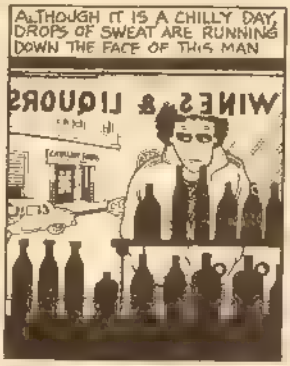
• A TRUE STORY FROM THE ANNALS OF SPANISH CRIME

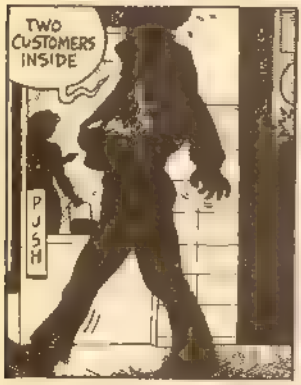
**WHEN PLANNING A CRIME OF THIS SORT:**

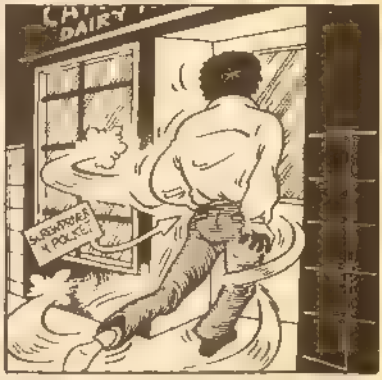
**A.** FIRST, CONCEIVE AN ACCURATE MENTAL PICTURE OF WHOLE PLAN.

**B.** ALWAYS USE THE RIGHT TOOLS FOR JOB.

**C.** PICK YOUR TIME CAREFULLY SO THAT CIRCUMSTANCES WILL ACT IN YOUR FAVOR.







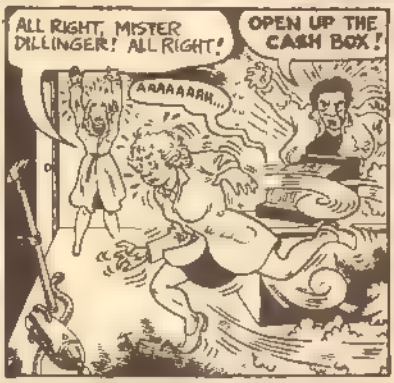
AGGH! IT'S GOTTEN ALL TWISTED UP IN MY POCKET AND I CAN'T GET IT OUT!

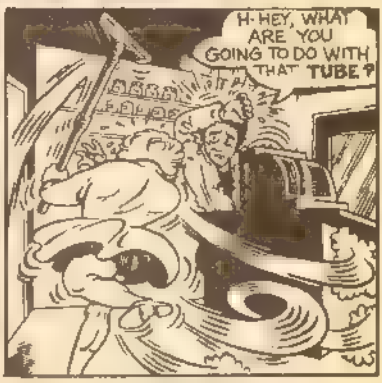
UH-OH! ENCARNITA
?...

LISTEN, LADIES, THIS IS A FOR REAL STICKUP, SO GET OVER AGAINST THE WALL AND NO SCREAMING!

!!?
(DAMNED SCREW-DRIVER! IT WILL NOT COME OUT!)
EEEE E-E.

OOOOOHHH!
THIS IS IT! I'VE HAD IT!


ALL RIGHT, MISTER DILLINGER! ALL RIGHT!
OPEN UP THE CASH BOX!
AAAAAAAH...


H-HEY, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT TUBE?

THIS!!!
CRUNCH
CHOFF!

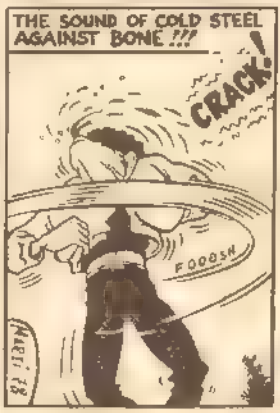
CRACK!!
SHINK!

AIEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

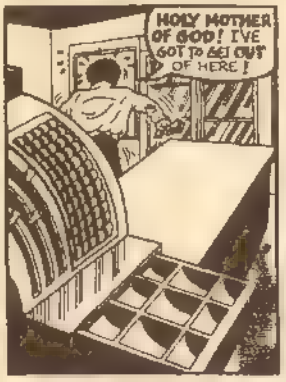
THE INSTINCT TO PROTECT ONE'S PROPERTY IS STRONG, BUT THE SURVIVAL INSTINCT, WHEN ONE IS CORNERED, IS STRONGER.
YOU BITCH! YOU WHORE!
POFF!!

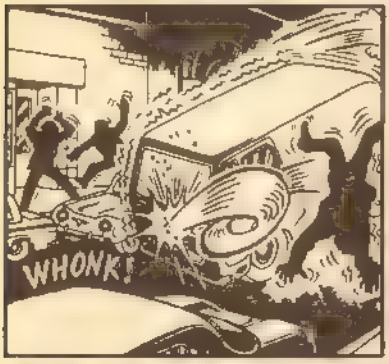
AIIEEEEEEEEEEE!! OHNNNNN NOOOOO!!!

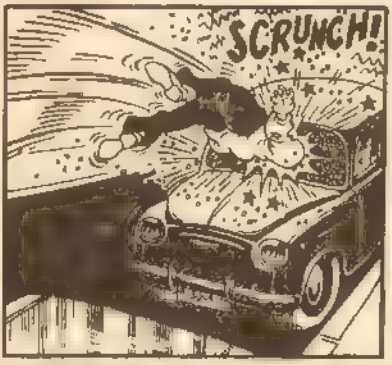
HUNH? WHERE DOES THAT ONE THINK SHE'S GOING?
AIEEEEE!!!

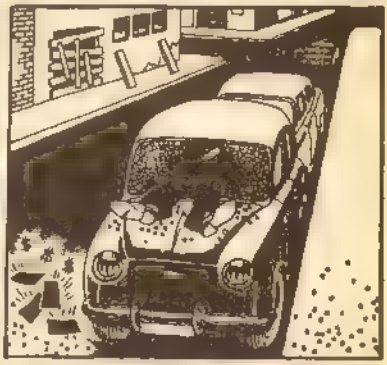

THE SOUND OF COLD STEEL AGAINST BONE!!!
CRACK!
FOOOSH

LET GO OF ME! LET GO OF ME! LET GO OF ME! HELP! POLICE!!





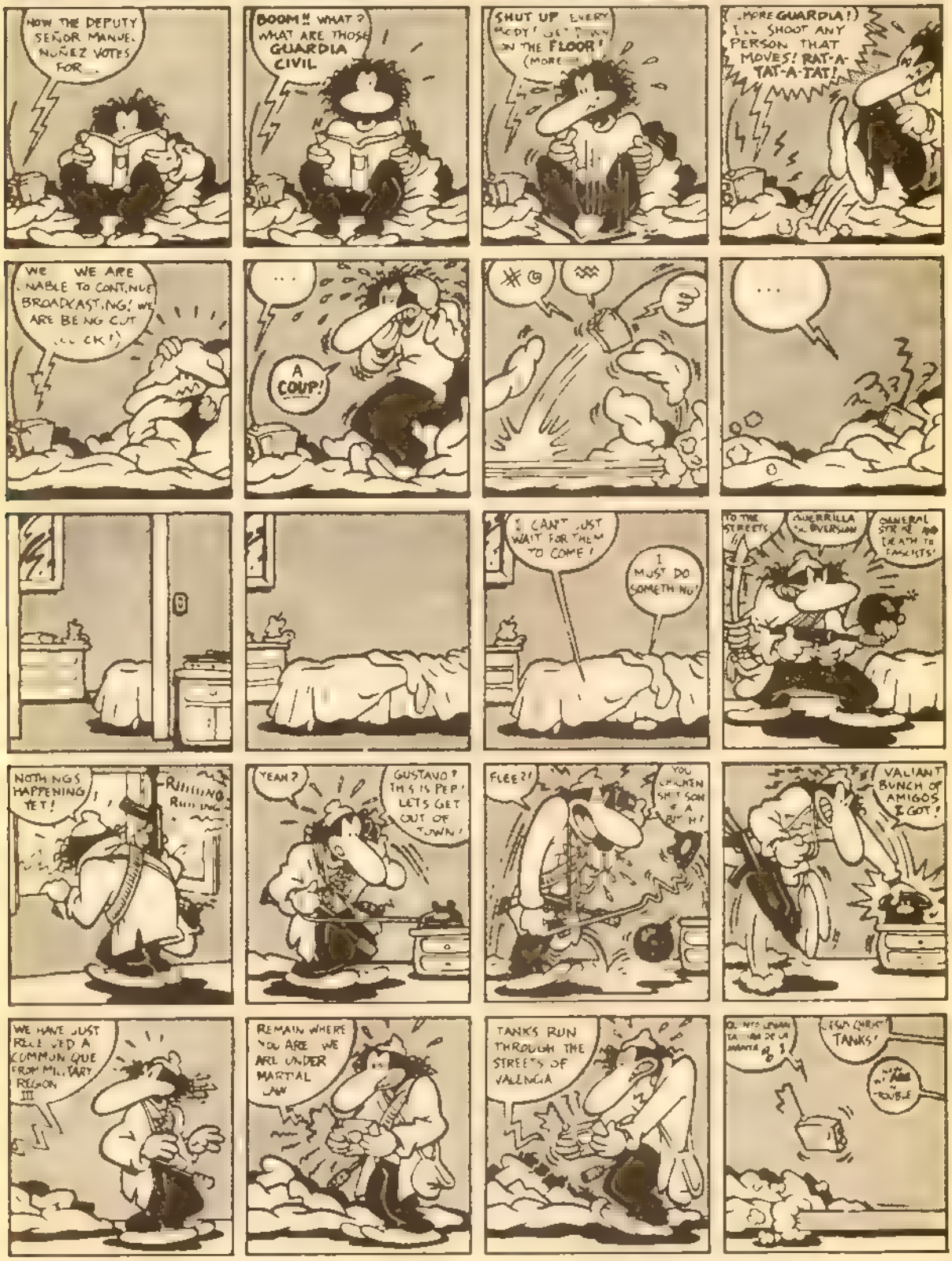



YOU CAN'T EVEN DEPEND ON THE LAW OF AVERAGES WHEN YOU LIVE... ...OUTSIDE THE LAW!

# The Day of the COUP

FEBRUARY 23 1981

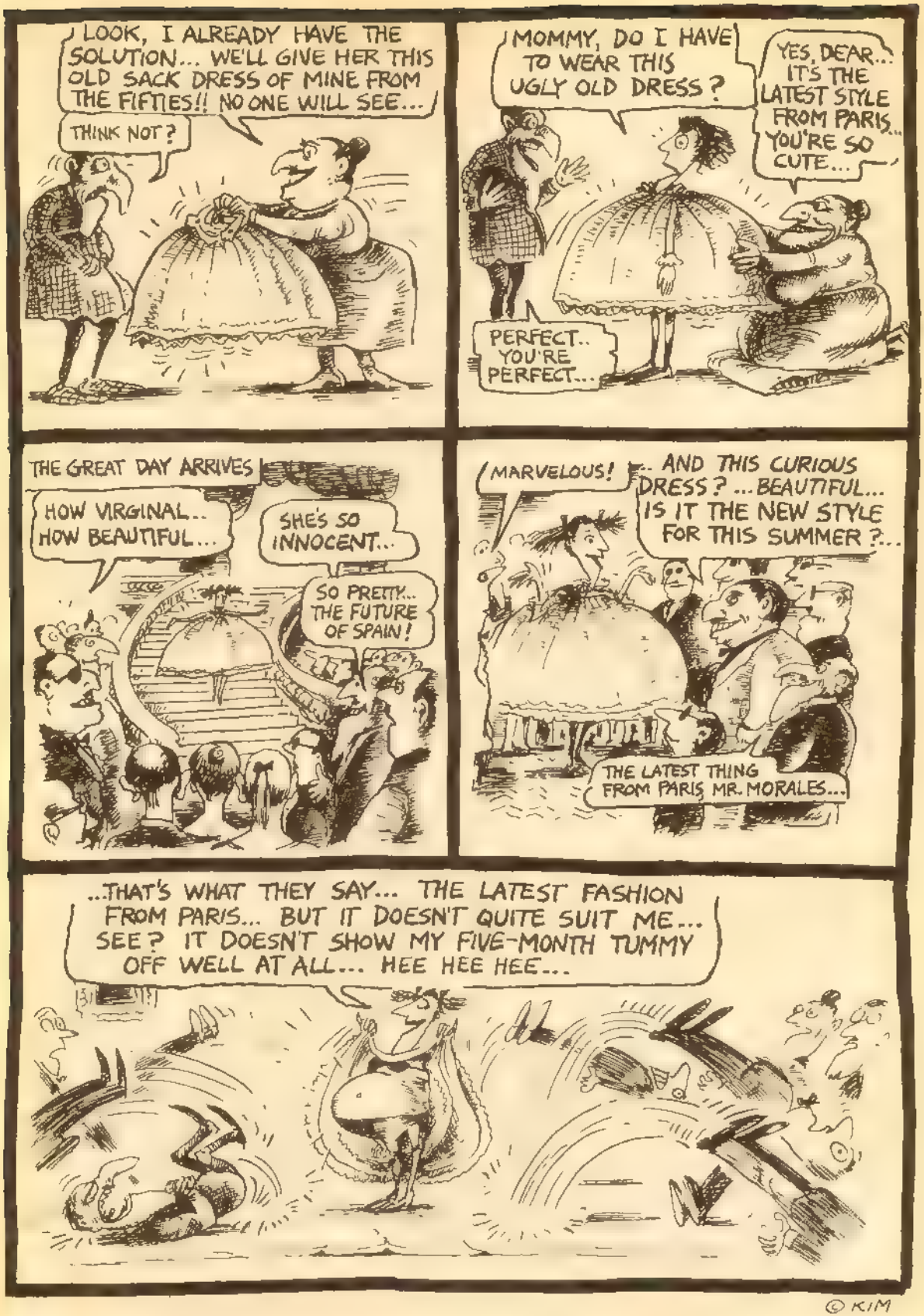
IN GUSTAVO'S APARTMENT, THE RADIO [illegible]



.. FORTUNATELY FOR GUSTAVO AND LILIAN, THE COUP D'ETAT IS THWARTED, AT LEAST FOR THIS PARTICULAR AFTERNOON..

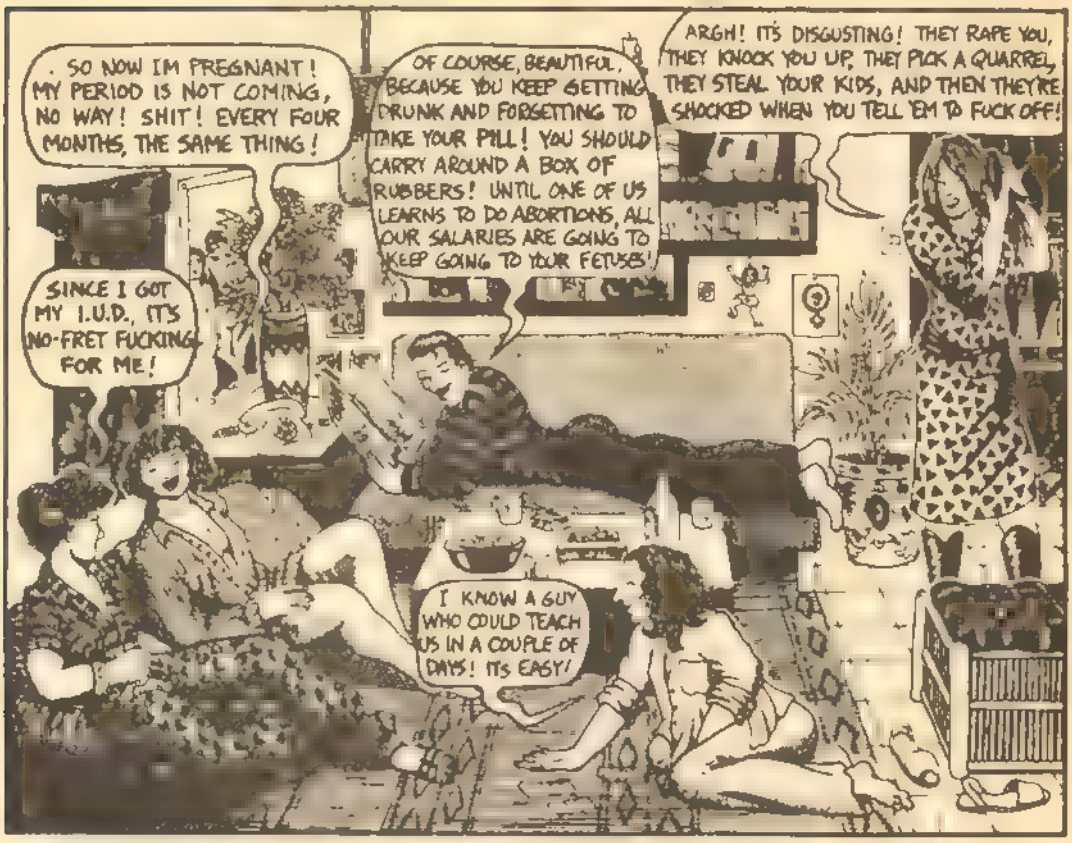
Max

MARTINEZ (The Fascist)
DEAR GOD! CHAOS IS RULING SPAIN!! THE EMPIRE IS TOTTERING... AND MY DAUGHTER IS PREGNANT! I WISH I WERE DEAD!!
...FLORENTINO... GOOD NEWS... THE GIRL HAS THOUGHT THINGS OVER AND DECIDED TO GET MARRIED... NOBODY WILL KNOW ANYTHING ..EVERYTHINGS FIXED..
I'M DOING IT FOR YOU, SO YOU WON'T GIVE ME ANY MORE SHIT... AND IF IT DOESN'T WORK, WE SPLIT UP, OKAY?
OH!! I'M COMING BACK TO LIFE... WE'LL HAVE A BIG PARTY AND INVITE EVERYONE... I'LL GO RIGHT NOW AND CALL MISTER MORALES...
AS YOU WISH, FLORENTINO...
YES SIR, MR. MORALES... WE'RE MARRYING OFF THE DAUGHTER ... GIVING A LITTLE PARTY, HEH HEH... ...WE EXPECT EVERYONE TO COME... YES, SHE'S YOUNG, BUT NOWADAYS...
WE'LL THROW A FABULOUS PARTY... BUT THIS GUY "MARTIN," HER BOYFRIEND, I DON'T EVEN WANT TO SEE HIM... WE CAN SAY HE'S AWAY ON A TRIP...
FINE.. FINE..
OH!! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THE GIRL'S BELLY ??!! YOU CAN SEE SHE'S PREGNANT!! THIS WILL BE MY RUIN!! MY RUIN, I SAY!!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE? OH, GOD!!


LOOK, I ALREADY HAVE THE SOLUTION... WE'LL GIVE HER THIS OLD SACK DRESS OF MINE FROM THE FIFTIES!! NO ONE WILL SEE...
THINK NOT?
MOMMY, DO I HAVE TO WEAR THIS UGLY OLD DRESS?
YES, DEAR... IT'S THE LATEST STYLE FROM PARIS... YOU'RE SO CUTE...
PERFECT.. YOU'RE PERFECT...
THE GREAT DAY ARRIVES
HOW VIRGINAL... HOW BEAUTIFUL...
SHE'S SO INNOCENT...
SO PRETTY.. THE FUTURE OF SPAIN!
MARVELOUS!
... AND THIS CURIOUS DRESS? ... BEAUTIFUL... IS IT THE NEW STYLE FOR THIS SUMMER?...
THE LATEST THING FROM PARIS MR. MORALES...
...THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY... THE LATEST FASHION FROM PARIS... BUT IT DOESN'T QUITE SUIT ME... SEE? IT DOESN'T SHOW MY FIVE-MONTH TUMMY OFF WELL AT ALL... HEE HEE HEE...

© KIM

# saturday in the



# apartments

COME ON, DON'T BE A BABY! THINK OF WHAT YOU'RE MISSING! THOSE ANARCHIST DRUGGIES KNOW HOW TO ENJOY THEMSELVES! NOBODY'S GOING TO COME IN! C'MON, JUST ONE DRAG...

MISTER, I CAME HERE TO DO AN HONEST DAY'S WORK, NOT TO TAKE DRUGS!!

...THE PIGS! THE FIRST TIME I RAN AWAY, I MET A COP AND HE TOOK ME HOME. THEY KEPT ME THERE TWO MONTHS, ALL THE TIME TELLING ME I WAS A PROSTITUTE, AND CRAZY TOO.

...LOCKED UP FOR THREE MONTHS WITHOUT SEEING ANYONE. THEY WANTED TO GIVE ME ELECTRO-SHOCK AT THE PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC, BUT SOME PSYCHIATRIST FRIENDS OF MINE STOPPED THE BASTARDS!

LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE GARBAGE!

YOU CAN STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE! NO PROBLEM!

THIS FRIEND OF MINE ALMOST KILLED HERSELF WITH PILLS! IT REALLY MESSED HER UP

EEEEE! YOU CAN'T SHUT ME UP! I'M THE CRAZY LADY! HEY! GOOD-LOOKIN'! C'MERE AND LETS FUCK! EEEE!

NAZBKID

IS YOUR HUSBAND STILL HANGING OUT WITH THAT GERMAN GUY?

YEAH, THEY'RE ALL INVOLVED WITH FRANZ'S RANCH. WE NEVER SEE EACH OTHER ANY MORE. I'M GETTING ALONG FINE WITH LUCAS. THE KIDS LOVE IT IN THE COUNTRY. WE HAVE SEVEN GOATS THREE RABBIT PENS, CHICKENS... AND THE GARDEN'S MAKING MOUNTAINS OF VEGETABLES...

IT MUST BE DIVINE, LIVING IN THE COUNTRY. IT'S MORE HYSTERICAL HERE EVERY DAY... WORK, BUS, OR COOPED UP IN THE HOUSE...

♪ SO I'M GOING I'JUST GOING I'M GONE

PAPARAPA

UAH UAH

WELL, OUT IN THE COUNTRY I HAVE A DOG NAMED NINO.

BU BU BUA BU BA BA

... I WAS THINKING OF TELLING EVERYONE EVERYTHING AT THE PARTY TONIGHT, BECAUSE IF I DON'T TALK ABOUT MY ADVENTURES, IT'S AS IF THEY NEVER HAPPENED! (NO THANKS GOOD-LOOKING, I DON'T SMOKE!)

YES, I'VE KNOWN MIGUEL DOWNSTAIRS FOR YEARS, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I LIKE GUYS.

WELL, I THINK HE DOES, TOO, BECAUSE HE AND I WERE TRIPPING TOGETHER ONE DAY AND HE ALMOST DIED, HE WAS SO NERVOUS, AS IF ONE OF US MIGHT FIND OUT SOMETHING..

THERE ARE MORE GUYS HERE EVERY WEEK! THERE'S NO MORE ROOM!

LIKE THE TWO MOORS I BROUGHT?

♪ HAVE MERCY ON MY HEARRRT ♫

CHUIC

SCHK

THE IMPORTANT THING IS NOT TO BE SEEKING HUMAN CONTACT, BUT SEARCHING FOR THE UNKNOWN...

WELL I BELIEVE, AS LACAN SAYS, BLAH BLAH

YOU BITCH! YOU PIG! I'LL KILL YOU! YOU WON'T LET ME WRITE, OR THINK, OR ANYTHING! ALL THE TIME, I CAN'T THINK ABOUT ANYTHING EXCEPT YOUR DISGUSTING BODY! AND THE WHOLE TIME, YOU'VE BEEN SEEING THAT FAGGOT JUAN! BUT YOU'LL FIND OUT! WAAAAHHH! I HATE YOUR DAMN GUTS! I'M GOING TO TEAR UP ALL YOUR LETTERS AND YOUR PHOTOS, TOO! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! HAHA! I'D LIKE TO BUILD A BONFIRE AND THROW YOU IN THEN CUT OFF THAT GUY'S BALLS!

THIS DAMN PIECE OF JUNK! IT ALWAYS DOES THE SAME THING! IF YOU TRY TO ADJUST IT, IT JUST GETS WORSE!

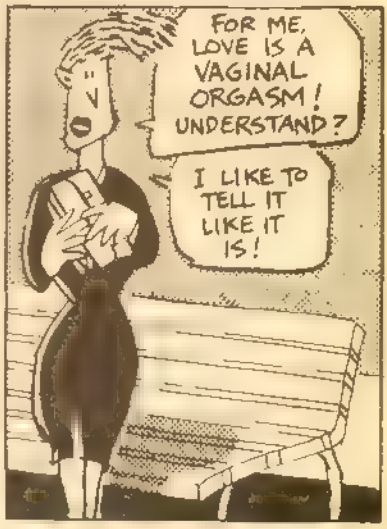
GOSH DARN IT! JUST WHEN THEY HAD THEM CORNERED!

..AND HE COULDN'T ESCAPE OVER THE TOP OF THE ROOF BECAUSE PROFESSOR EMERSON WAS HIDING BEHIND THE CHIMNEY WITH A RIFLE

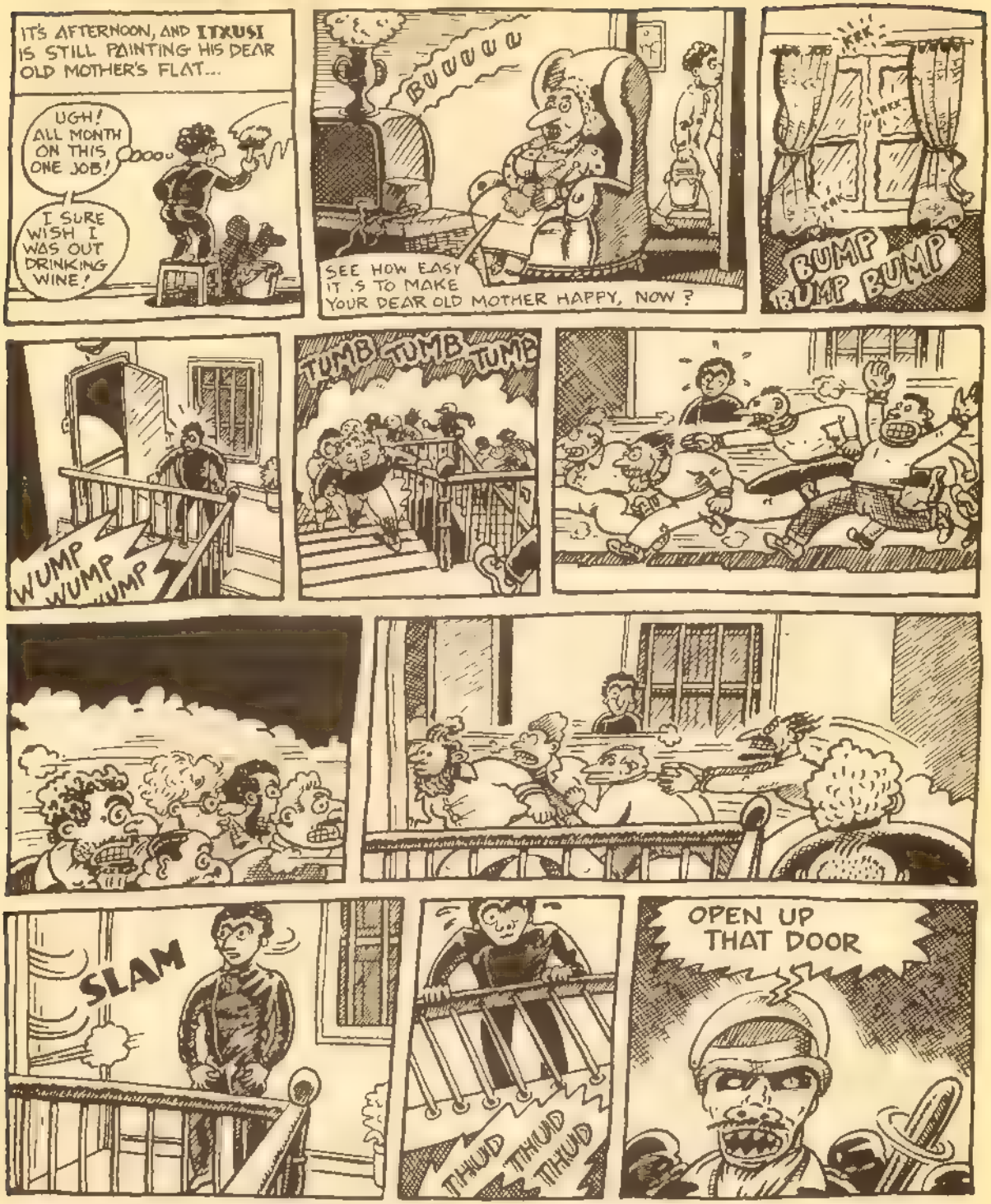
WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HAPPENED?

IT'S YOUR FAULT, YOU IDIOT, FIDDLING AROUND WITH THE DIALS ALL THE TIME! IF IT'S DARK, YOU WANT IT TO BE LIGHT! IF IT'S LIGHT, DARK! BLUE, RED! YELLOW, GREEN! WELL, LET'S SEE YOU FIX IT NOW IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH! ARRGH! I WISH I WERE DEAD!

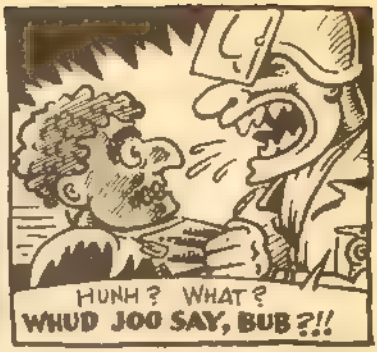
# THE EMBARRASSING QUESTION MAN ASKS: "WHAT IS LOVE?"



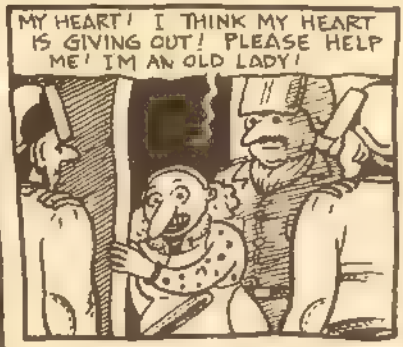
# AN EXIT OF BASQUES



I- I L-LEFT MY K-KEY INSIDE! I-I WAS P-PAINTING THE APARTMENT! SEE ALL THE SPOTS OF PAINT?
WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT?
DO YOU HAVE A SEARCH WARRANT?

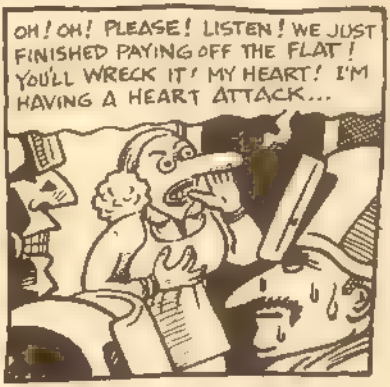

HUNH? WHAT? WHUD JOO SAY, BUB?!!

DON'T YOU PEOPLE HAVE ANY MANNERS? GET OUT! GET OUT RIGHT NOW! SHAME!
KRR KAK
AFTER ALL THE SUFFERING I'VE BEEN THROUGH!

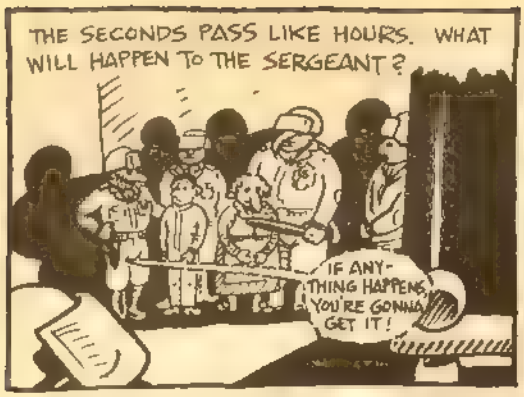

MY HEART! I THINK MY HEART IS GIVING OUT! PLEASE HELP ME! I'M AN OLD LADY!

I HAVE A VERY, VERY WEAK HEART! PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T COME INSIDE MY FLAT! WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG!
OKAYYY, I'LL GO IN BY MYSELF AND TELL THEM TO COME OUT...

BUT SERGEANT! SAARRGE! ARE YOU CRAZY? THERE ARE AT LEAST THIRTY GUYS IN THERE! THEY'LL KILL YOU!


OH! OH! PLEASE! LISTEN! WE JUST FINISHED PAYING OFF THE FLAT! YOU'LL WRECK IT! MY HEART! I'M HAVING A HEART ATTACK...

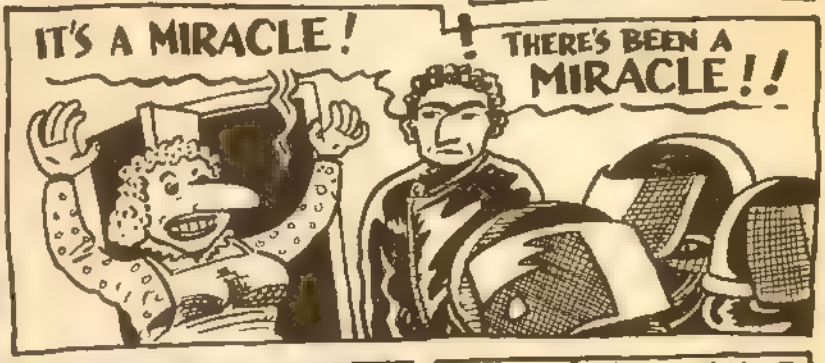
DON'T WORRY, MAM! I HAVE A MOTHER, TOO! I'M GOING TO GET THOSE GUYS OUT FOR YOU!

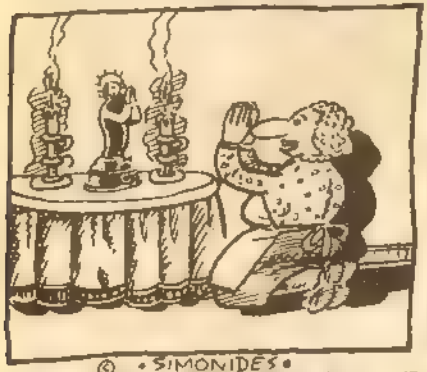

THE SECONDS PASS LIKE HOURS. WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE SERGEANT?
IF ANY-THING HAPPENS, YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!

COME ON OUT!!!
AUG!
HUY!!

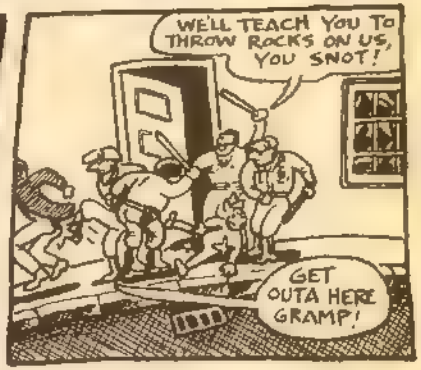
THERE'S NO ONE HERE EXCEPT THIS KID THAT WAS HIDING UNDERNEATH A BED...

.. AND THIS OLD GUY HIDING IN A CLOSET!!
I WAS JUST PASSING THROUGH! I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN'...

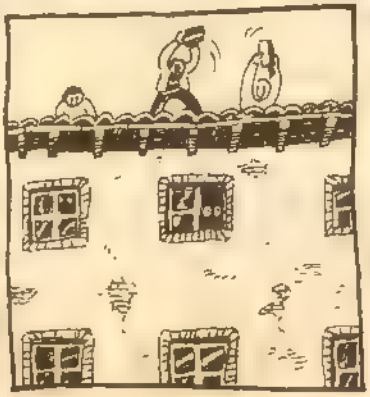

IT'S A MIRACLE!
THERE'S BEEN A MIRACLE!!

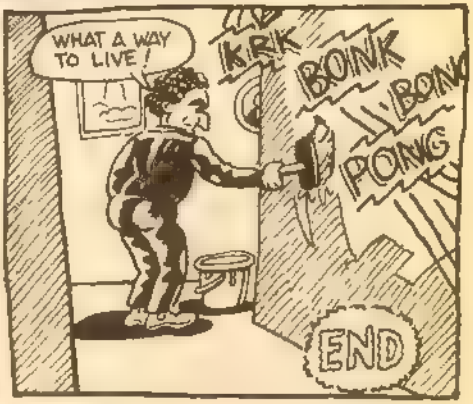


"THE MIRACLE OF THE SKYLIGHT"


WE'LL TEACH YOU TO THROW ROCKS ON US, YOU SNOT!
GET OUTA HERE GRAMP!

© • SIMONIDES •
KKK




WHAT A WAY TO LIVE!
KRK
BOINK
BONG
PONG
END

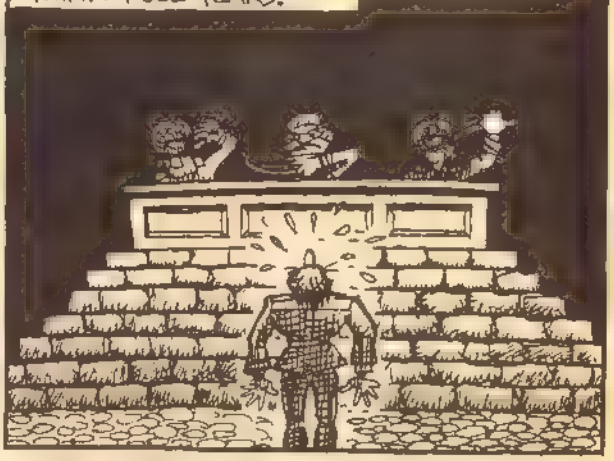
# FINAL PUTSCH IN SPAIN!

IN 1978, A LIEUTENANT COLONEL IN THE NOTORIOUS **GUARDIA CIVIL** PLOTTED TO KIDNAP THE PRESIDENT OF SPAIN, IN A COUP D'ETAT ATTEMPT WHICH FAILED.

THE TRIBUNAL OF MILITARY JUSTICE, IN AN ACT OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY, SENTENCED HIM TO SIX MONTHS IN JAIL, THEN LET HIM REJOIN THE **GUARDIA**.

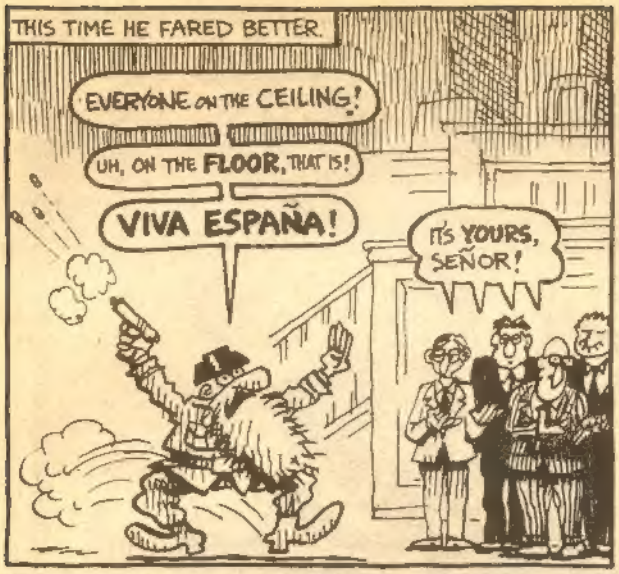
IN 1981, THE SAME COLONEL AGAIN ATTEMPTED A COUP, THIS TIME OCCUPYING AND HOLDING THE ENTIRE CONGRESS. THIS COUP ALSO FAILED.

THIS TIME, HE WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR THIRTY FULL YEARS.



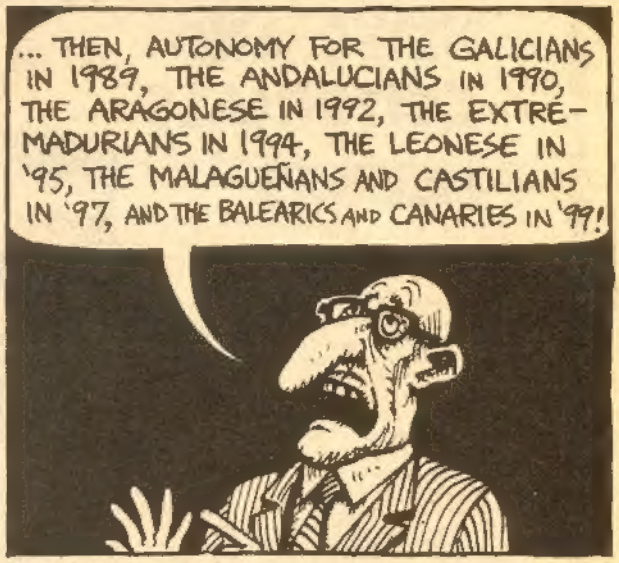
UPON HIS RELEASE IN THE YEAR 2011, THE COLONEL WAS ONCE AGAIN RESTORED TO HIS RANK IN THE **GUARDIA CIVIL**.

ALTHOUGH HE WAS NOW OVER 80 YEARS OLD, THE BRAVE LIEUTENANT COLONEL ONCE AGAIN LED HIS FRIENDS IN AN ASSAULT ON THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT IN THE **CORTES** IN MADRID.

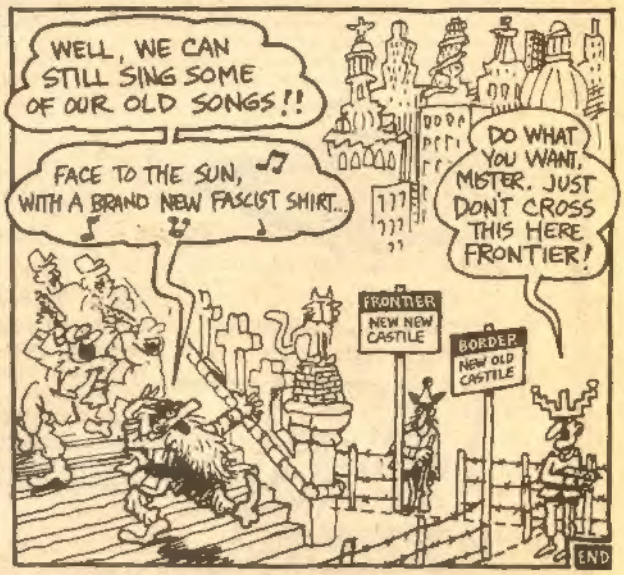

THIS TIME HE FARED BETTER.
EVERYONE ON THE CEILING!
UH, ON THE FLOOR, THAT IS!
VIVA ESPAÑA!
IT'S YOURS, SEÑOR!

HUH? MINE?
YES, YOURS!
SPAIN'S NOT WORTH A DAMN THING ANYMORE, ANYHOW!

NOT WORTH A THING? WHAT HAPPENED?
FIRST, IT WAS AUTONOMY FOR THE BASQUES AND THE CATALANS IN 1987...


... THEN, AUTONOMY FOR THE GALICIANS IN 1989, THE ANDALUCIANS IN 1990, THE ARAGONESE IN 1992, THE EXTREMADURIANS IN 1994, THE LEONESE IN '95, THE MALAGUEÑANS AND CASTILIANS IN '97, AND THE BALEARICS AND CANARIES IN '99!

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF SPAIN BUT TWO SQUARE BLOCKS IN DOWNTOWN MADRID!
AND FURTHERMORE, WE OWE $835,000,000,000,000 TO THE ARABS FOR OIL!


WELL, WE CAN STILL SING SOME OF OUR OLD SONGS!!
FACE TO THE SUN, WITH A BRAND NEW FASCIST SHIRT...
DO WHAT YOU WANT, MISTER. JUST DON'T CROSS THIS HERE FRONTIER!
FRONTIER NEW NEW CASTILE
BORDER NEW OLD CASTILE
END

# YOUR COMIC BOOK

## (MORE THAN JUST SEX AND DEATH)

- **PICTURES**
- **NO BIG WORDS**
- **FUN**
- **NEWS AND EDITORIALS**
- **LAUGHS**

**THERE'S SOMETHING IN THEM FOR EVERYONE! SOMETHING IMPORTANT! SOMETHING THAT CAN'T BE IGNORED! SURE, YOUR COMIC BOOK PROVIDES "ENTERTAINMENT" — "THE SEX AND DEATH" OF LIFE. BUT YOUR COMIC SERVES STILL MORE VITAL PURPOSES . . . HIGHER ORDERS . . . THINGS YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TOLD ABOUT SO FAR.**

**THEY KEEP YOU ABREAST OF TODAY'S FAST-BREAKING SOCIAL COLLAPSE BY PROVIDING YOU WITH INFORMATION AND IDEAS YOU DIDN'T NEED OR WANT . . . AND BY CREATING A SORT OF "SUPER MARKET PLACE" WHERE YOU CAN DISCOVER THE BEST WAYS TO WASTE THE LITTLE TIME YOU HAVE LEFT. YES, YOUR COMIC BOOK MAKES A BIG DIFFERENCE TO YOU!**

**RIP OFF COMICS MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE IN PEOPLE'S LIVES**

# YOUR COMIC

P. Mavrides

# LETTERS TO RIP OFF

Hal Robins

BORED-AGAIN

Dear Rip Off Press,

I used to be a Born-Again Christian but my conscience bothered me so much I had to give it up. Please send me comix so I can start living the Right Way again.

Sincerely,
Don Merritt.
Lincoln, Neb.

YOUNG AGAIN

Dear Boys and Girls,

I love your comics—they are not nasty or offensive and give me a laugh or two. So glad you are reprinting—my son used to read them, back a few years ago (I am 50 years old). Fat Freddy's Cat is my favorite.

Yours,
Barbara E.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

SHOCKED AGAIN

Dear Sirs:

Today one of our seventh grade students shared with us your publication "The Freak Brothers, Grass Roots." I am shocked and disapointed that you choose to print such filth that today's youth can be exposed to. Surely there could be something more worthwhile to print than "How to Disguise a Marijuana Plant"! Young people have enough to cope with without these publications.

Sincerely,
Sandra A.
Meadowview Middle School,
Morristown, Tenn.

*Today's young people have enough problems with blue-nosed fascist censorship laws, not to mention the coming collapse of western civilization, without organizations like "Middle Schools" driving them insane. Give each child it's own personal H-Bomb is our policy at Rip Off Press. We feel this is only fair. When H-Bombs are outlawed, only outlaws will have H-Bombs.—Ed.*

BOMBED AGAIN

Editor:

EITHER SEND ME THE BLUEPRINTS ON HOW TO CONSTRUCT A HYDROGEN BOMB OR SEND ME COMIX.

Mr. Interferon
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

*Sorry—all out! Just sent the last batch of blueprints off to Meadowview Middle School. Or kill me.—Ed.*

**Well, here I sit at the palatial Rip Off Press Editorial Office waiting for you to write to us. I'm cut off from the public except for the mail. Hell, this building is so big I don't even think I've been down to the ground floor in two months. I can get practically everything I need or desire right here without leaving my office here on the sixty seventh floor. Shelton pays people to bring stuff right to me, as far as that goes. What do I owe this to? How did I get this dream job with more perks and points than I can count? Why, because I wrote them a letter, that's how! Is it a false hope that I have that you will write me? Do you even know how to write? Do you buy our comic books because they are mainly pictures? I guess if you are illiterate then this insult doesn't matter because you can't read it and you will continue to give us your money and you can never write to us and complain. Ha ha. At any rate, send us something and we might use it. It's very lonely here, high above the streets of San Francisco. Why look at those people down there, they look just like ants. And here I am doing almost nothing for a fabulous salary. I guess I am better than they are or they would be up here with me drinking this expensive scotch and taking these expensive drugs. Mail everthing you have to: RIP OFF COMIX, Department X, Box 14158, San Francisco, Ca. 94114.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## OBSCURE COMIX FOR MUTANTS!

**That's right . . . we've got a warehouse full of rampantly insane comic books here, awaiting your eager orders.**

**A self-addressed, stamped envelope will get you our latest Mail Order catalog of over 200 comix, plus paperbacks, postcards, and more!**

**Remember: Don't wait five years to kick yourself for not doing it today!**

**Send SASE for Catalog to:**
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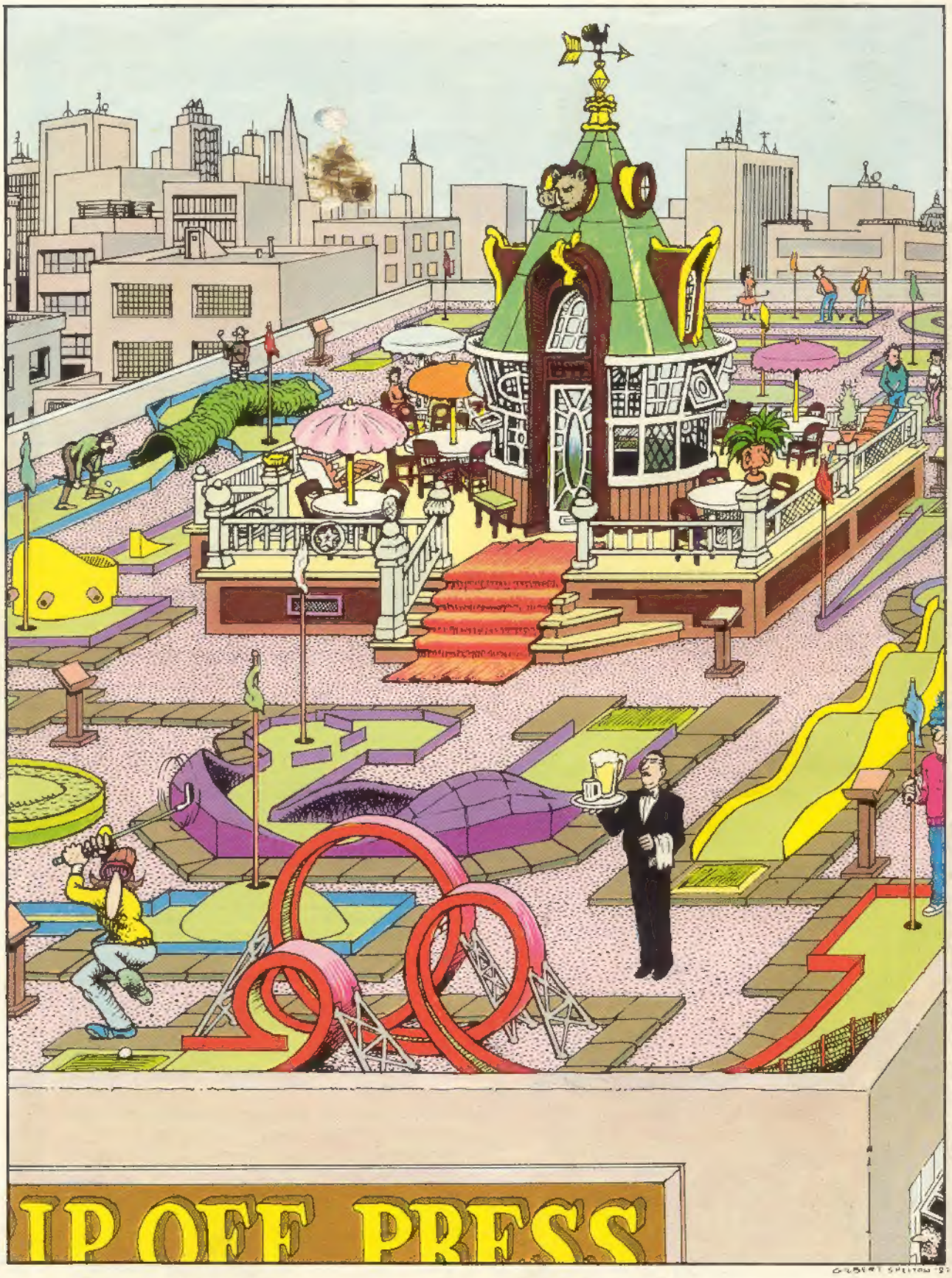
**P.O. BOX 14158**
**SAN FRANCISCO, CA**
**94114**




**THE RIP OFF PRESS ROOFTOP MINIATURE GOLF COURSE AND BEER MEDITATION GAZEBO,** designed by Rip Off's Editor-in-Chief Gilbert Shelton in the pursuit of his two favorite hobbies, is constructed entirely of junk materials found on the streets in the Press' immediate neighborhood in downtown San Francisco. The golf course contains eighteen holes of varying difficulty, with the gazebo serving as clubhouse and bar for the players.

Access to the rooftop area is strictly controlled, being limited to a few top underground cartoonists and their friends, media superstars, and national politicians. Shelton himself can be seen in the foreground preparing to send the ball through the triple loop-the-loop, his beer-bearer and caddy standing by.

In the very lower right-hand corner of the picture one of Rip Off's **art slaves** peers from the window of his cell in a futile attempt to catch a glimpse of his legendary editor. Art slaves are in theory able to work their way up through the Rip Off hierarchy, and thus eventually to the roof, but only after a thirty-year apprenticeship.